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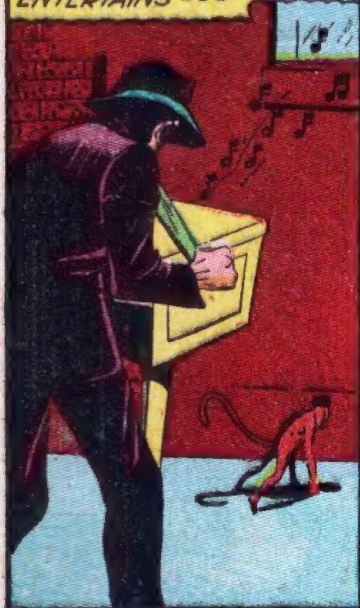
# The YOUNG ALLIES

"CAUGHT IN THE TUNE OF DEATH!"

**D**ID YOU EVER LISTEN TO A TUNE OF DEATH? THEN LISTEN! LISTEN TO THE WEIRD STRAINS OF A STRADIVARIUS AS IT SENDS FOURTH THE STRANGE CHORDS OF DOOM--THE GONG OF DEATH PLAYED BY THE VICIOUSLY, CUNNING BLACK DIRGE!



WE OPEN THE CURTAINS OF OUR STORY ON THE BUSIEST CITY IN THE WORLD, WASHINGTON, D.C., WHERE A HUMBLE ORGAN-GRINDER ENTERTAINS ---



-- AND IN AN OFFICE OF THE WAR DEPARTMENT ---

RELAX A MINUTE, BOB! COME TAKE A LOOK AT THIS ORGAN-GRINDER AND HIS MONKEY. WARS DON'T EXIST FOR HIM!



GOTTA CHECK THESE PLANS-- WELL, ALL RIGHT!

AS THE TWO MEN TOSS COINS TO THE GRINDER, THE MONKEY LEAPS PAST THEM TO THE DESK!



-- AND WHEN THEY RETURN TO THEIR DESK ---

THE PLANS! THEY'RE GONE!

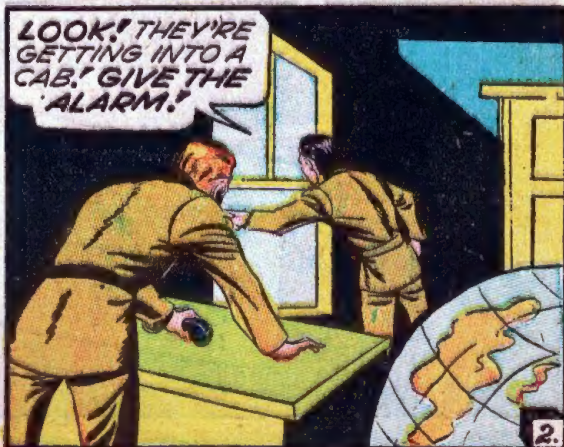
GOOD HEAVENS! NO-BODY WAS HERE EXCEPT--!



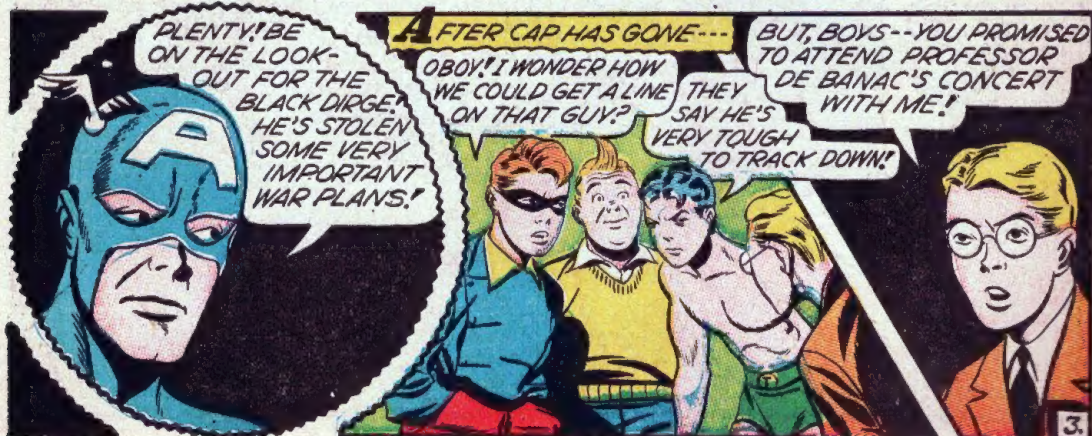
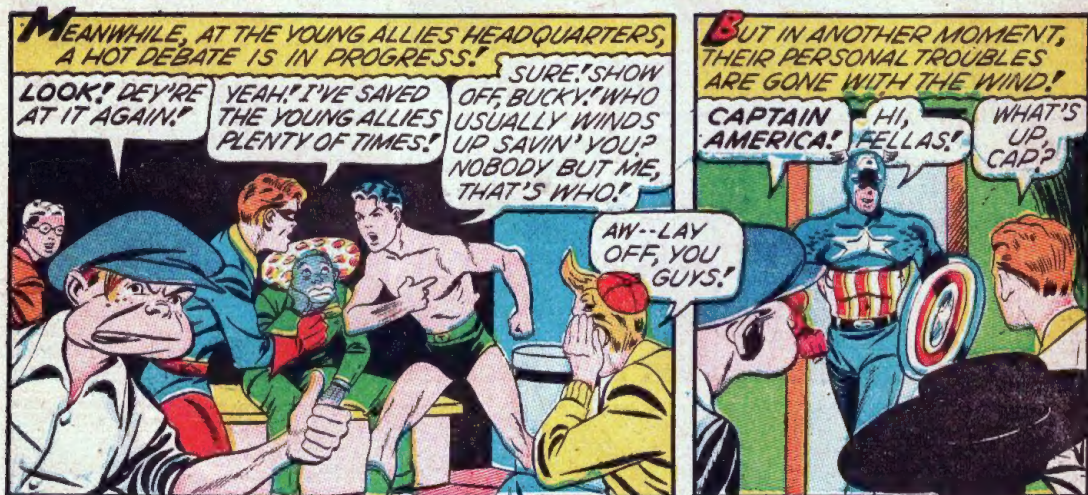
THE MONKEY! THE ORGAN-GRINDER---! WHERE'D THEY GO?!



LOOK! THEY'RE GETTING INTO A CAB! GIVE THE ALARM!









IT'S QUITE EDUCATIONAL YOU KNOW,  
AND IT ISN'T OFTEN YOU CAN SEE AND  
HEAR A PRICELESS STRADIVARIUS!  
BESIDES, YOU BOYS PROMISED!

A MUSICAL!  
DAT'S FER  
SISSIES!

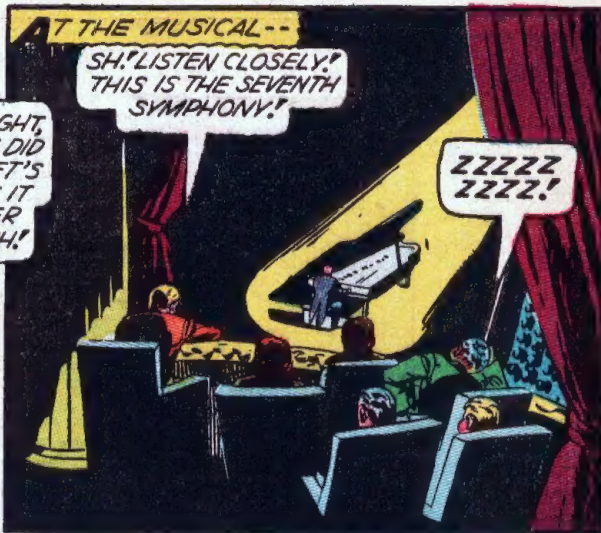
HE'S RIGHT,  
FELLAS! WE DID  
PROMISE! LET'S  
GET IT  
OVER  
WITH!



AT THE MUSICAL--

SH."LISTEN CLOSELY!"  
THIS IS THE SEVENTH  
SYMPHONY."

ZZZZZ  
ZZZZ!



THE SUDDEN BURST OF  
APPLAUSE STARTLES THE  
SLEEPING WHITEWASH!

HALP!



GET BACK HERE! NEXT  
TIME YOU'LL STAY  
AWAKE!

WAS  
AH  
SLEEPIN'?

HA!  
HA!



LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,  
IT IS MY GREAT PLEASURE  
TO INTRODUCE TO YOU THAT  
DISTINGUISHED VIRTUOSO  
PROFESSOR DE BANAC!



ON TO THE  
STAGE STEPS A  
GAUNT FIGURE,  
LIFTS HIS BOW  
AND PLAYS---  
BUT FROM HIS  
VIOLIN COMES A  
MELANCHOLY,  
EERIE MELODY,  
AS THE AUDIENCE  
SHIVERS IN DREAD  
FEAR OF THE  
HAUNTING  
CONCERTO!

OH! HOW  
HORRID!

SOUNDS  
LIKE A  
DEATH  
DIRGE!





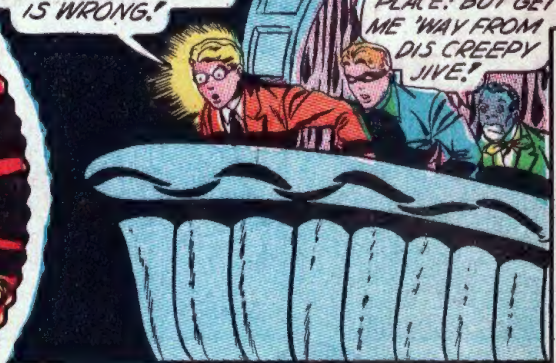


THE STRADIVARIUS PLAYS A MAD TUNE OF DEATH!

HA! HA! HA! HA! HA!

THAT'S ODD! PROFESSOR DE BANAC NEVER PLAYED LIKE THAT! SOMETHING IS WRONG!

LET'S GO BACKSTAGE AND FIND OUT! ANY PLACE! BUT GET ME WAY FROM DIS CREEPY JIVE!



THE YOUNG ALLIES DASH BACK-STAGE!

AH DON' WANNA GO BACK DERE! AH KNOW'S DEATH MUSIC WHEN AH HEARS IT, AN' AH'VE HEARD SNAPPER MUSIC AT FUNERALS!



C'MON!



THERE'S DE BANAC!

OH--! HELP!

HOLY SMOKE! THERE'S A KNIFE IN HIS BACK! GET A DOCTOR!



TOO LATE! L-LISTEN--AND LISTEN CARE-FULLY!

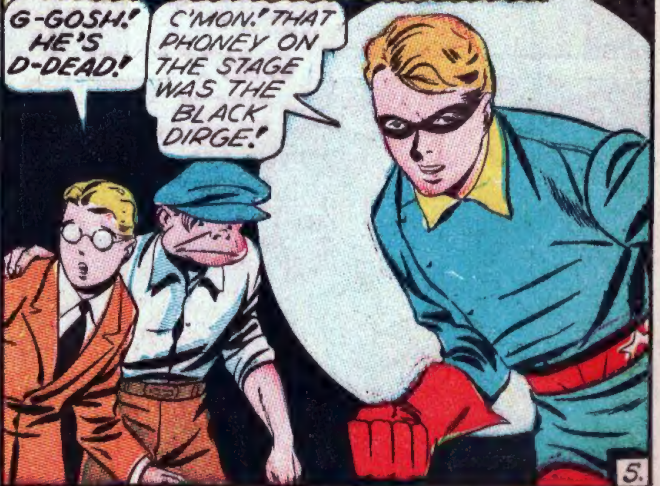
THE THE B-B-BLACK DIRGE... STOLE MY PASSPORT TICKETS --AND-- MV-- STRADIVARIUS! OOOOOH!



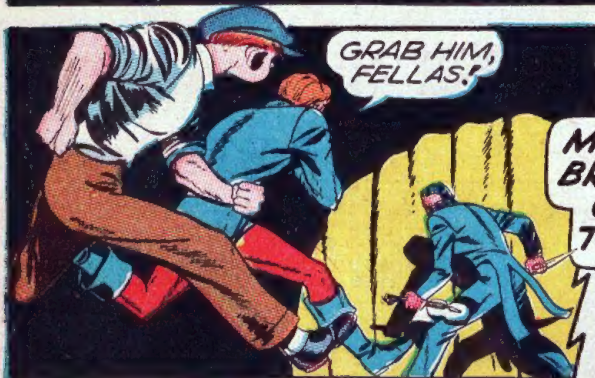
THE BLACK DIRGE HAS PLAYED HIS TUNE OF DEATH FOR ANOTHER VICTIM---

G-GOSH! HE'S D-DEAD!

C'MON! THAT PHONEY ON THE STAGE WAS THE BLACK DIRGE!









# YOUNG ALLIES



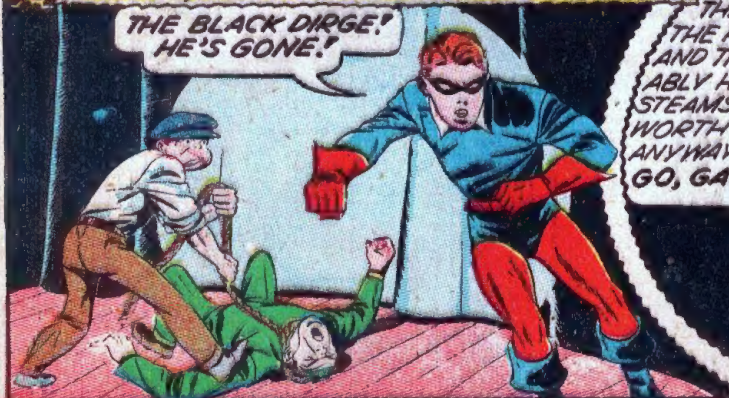
Chapter 2

## THE SONG OF DOOM!

MEANWHILE, THE BOYS HAVE CLEANED UP THE THUGS!

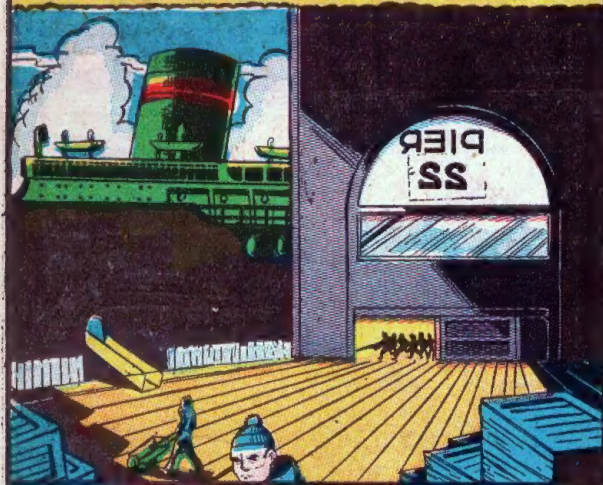
THE BLACK DIRGE!  
HE'S GONE!

WE CAN'T LET  
HIM GET AWAY WITH  
THE WAR PLANS! HE'S GOT  
THE PROFESSOR'S PASSPORT  
AND TICKETS, SO HE'LL PROB-  
ABLY HEAD FOR THE  
STEAMSHIP! IT'S  
WORTH A GAMBLE  
ANYWAY! LET'S  
GO, GANG!



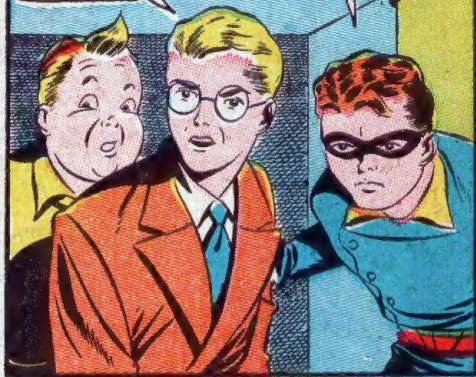


**S**PEEDING THROUGH THE STREETS, THE YOUNG ALLIES ARRIVE AT THE PIER--



THAT'S THE SHIP! THAT'S THE ONE THE PROFESSOR WAS GOING TO TAKE!

WELL, LET'S STOP DILLY-DALLYING! GET ON BOARD, FELLAS!



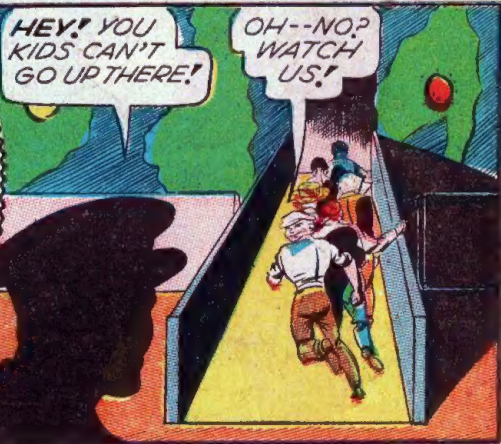
**B**UT AT THE RAIL OF THE SHIP, GLASSY EYES WATCH THE APPROACH OF THE BOYS--



CURSES! THEY HAVE FOLLOWED ME, BUT I'LL FIX THEM!

HEY! YOU KIDS CAN'T GO UP THERE!

OH--NO? WATCH US!



STEWARD-- QUICK! TAKE US TO THE CAPTAIN! IT'S A MATTER OF LIFE AND DEATH!

CERTAINLY! FOLLOW ME!



IN HERE!

GEE, THANKS!



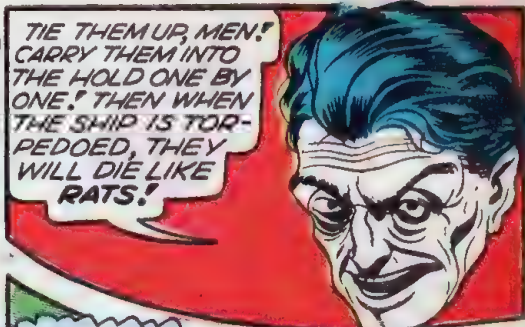




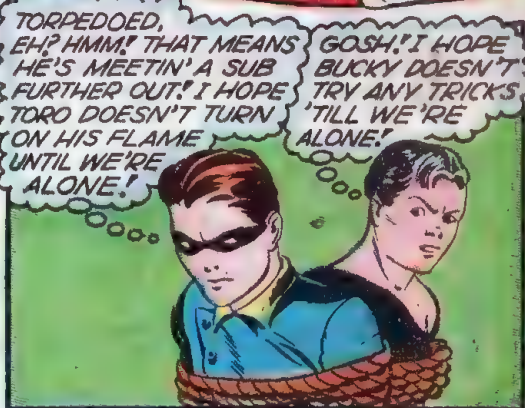
**BUT--  
THE  
BLACK  
DIRGE!**

**AH--! MY LITTLE  
FRIENDS! WELCOME!**

**WE WALKED  
INTO A  
TRAP!**



**TIE THEM UP, MEN!  
CARRY THEM INTO  
THE HOLD ONE BY  
ONE! THEN WHEN  
THE SHIP IS TOR-  
PEDOED, THEY  
WILL DIE LIKE  
RATS!**

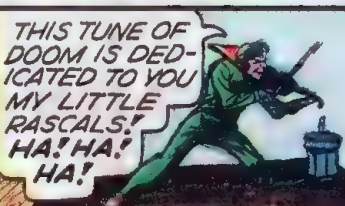


**TORPEDOED,  
EH? HMM, THAT MEANS  
HE'S MEETIN' A SUB  
FURTHER OUT! I HOPE  
TORO DOESN'T TURN  
ON HIS FLAME  
UNTIL WE'RE  
ALONE!**

**GOSH! I HOPE  
BUCKY DOESN'T  
TRY ANY TRICKS  
'TILL WE'RE  
ALONE!**

**BY A FLICK-  
ERING CANDLE-  
LIGHT IN THE  
HOLD, THE BLACK  
DIRGE PLAYS A  
SONG OF DEATH  
TO THE YOUNG  
ALLIES!**

**THIS TUNE OF  
DOOM IS DED-  
ICATED TO YOU  
MY LITTLE  
RASCALS!  
HA! HA!  
HA!**

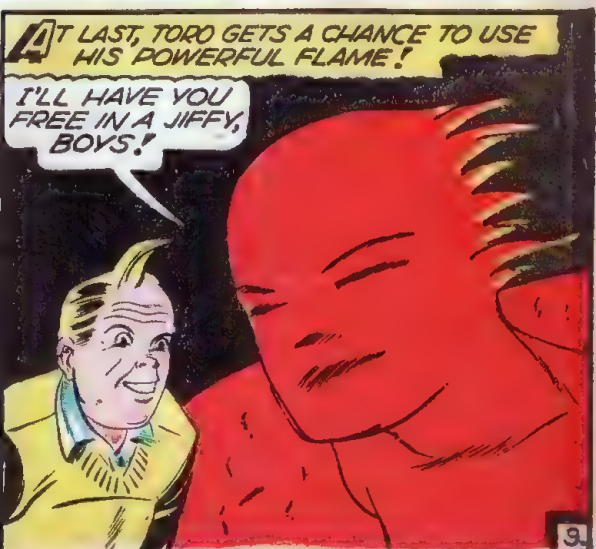


**LAUGH, YOU  
RAT! OUR TURN  
IS COMING!**

**M-M-MAN!  
HOW WE-ALL  
GONNA GIT  
OUTTA  
THIS?**



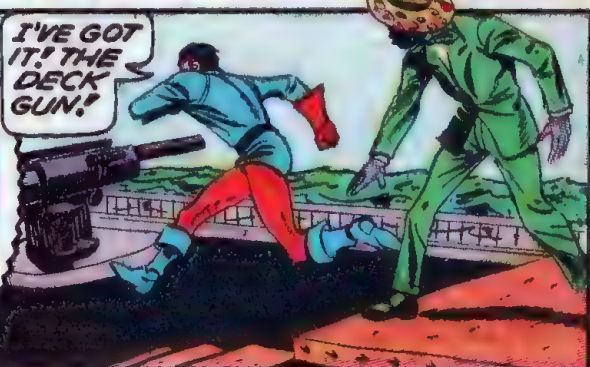
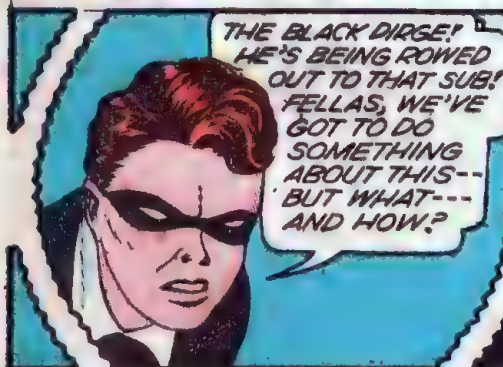
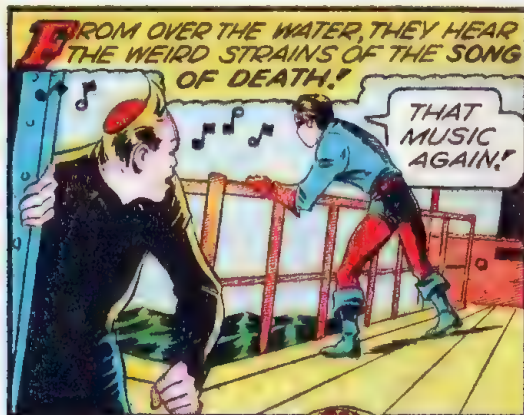
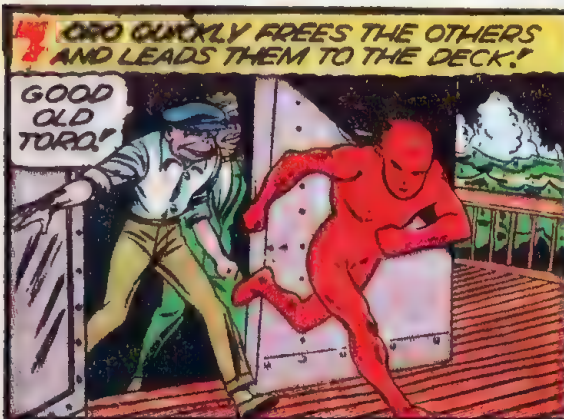
**DIE! DIE! SOON  
THIS WHOLE SHIP  
WILL BE FLOUNDER-  
IN ITS DEATH  
THROES!**



**AT LAST, TORO GETS A CHANCE TO USE  
HIS POWERFUL FLAME!**

**I'LL HAVE YOU  
FREE IN A JIFFY,  
BOYS!**





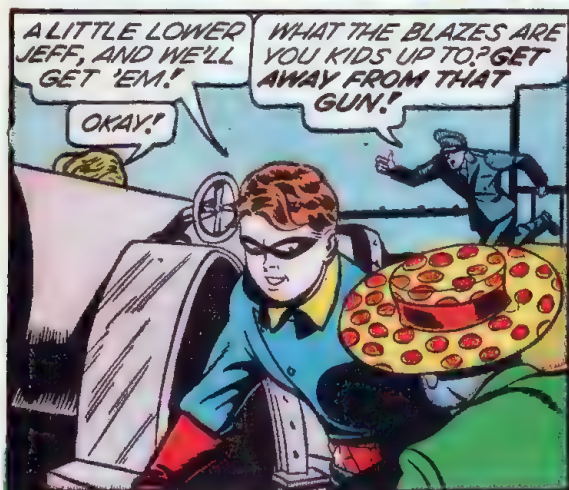




HIMMEL!



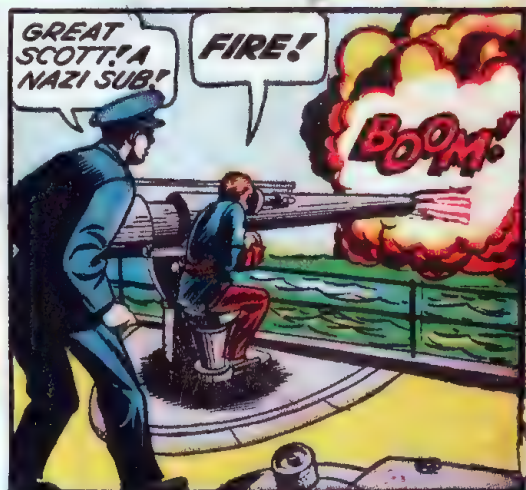
WE ARE BEING ATTACKED! CUT LOOSE DER CABLE FROM DER SUB VE ARE TOWING BEFORE VE ARE BLOWN TO BITS!



A LITTLE LOWER JEFF, AND WE'LL GET 'EM!

OKAY!

WHAT THE BLAZES ARE YOU KIDS UP TO? GET AWAY FROM THAT GUN!



GREAT SCOTT! A NAZI SUB!

FIRE!

BOOM!



THE BOYS SCORE A DIRECT HIT ON THE CONNING TOWER!



GIVE THESE BOYS ANYTHING THEY WANT! -- ANYTHING! THEY JUST SAVED THIS SHIP FROM BEING TORPEDOED!



**K**NUCKLES QUICKLY WHISPERS TO BUCKY.  
DE NAZIS WUZ TOWIN' DAT  
SECOND SUB--NOW DEY'RE GETTIN'  
AWAY--MAYBE WE CAN CHASE DEM  
IN DE SUB DEY LEFT---



WHAT?!!

SURE!  
TELL THE  
GUYS TO  
HOP IN!

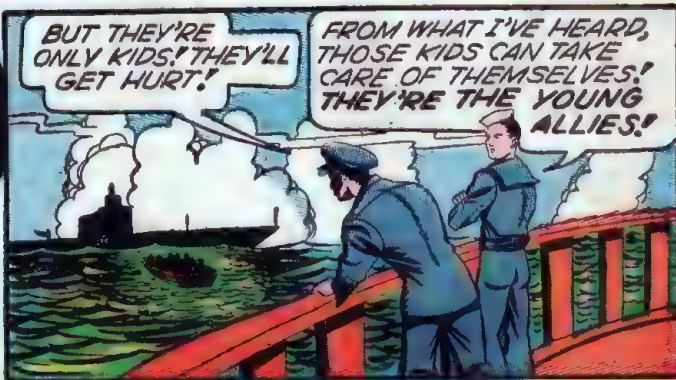
I JUST GAVE THE BOYS  
THE USE OF THE LIFE-  
BOAT, SIR! YOU SAID THEY  
COULD HAVE  
ANYTHING!

SURE--SURE!  
ANYTHING!



BUT THEY'RE  
ONLY KIDS! THEY'LL  
GET HURT!

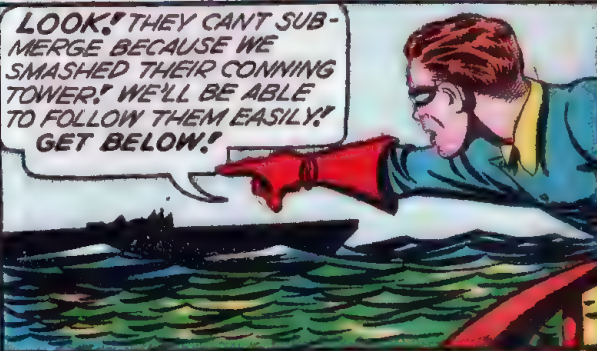
FROM WHAT I'VE HEARD,  
THOSE KIDS CAN TAKE  
CARE OF THEMSELVES!  
THEY'RE THE YOUNG  
ALLIES!



**T**HE BOYS SOON REACH THE SUB---  
C'MON, FELLOWS!  
WE'RE NOT GOING  
TO LET THE BLACK  
DIRGE GET AWAY  
WITH THOSE PLANS!



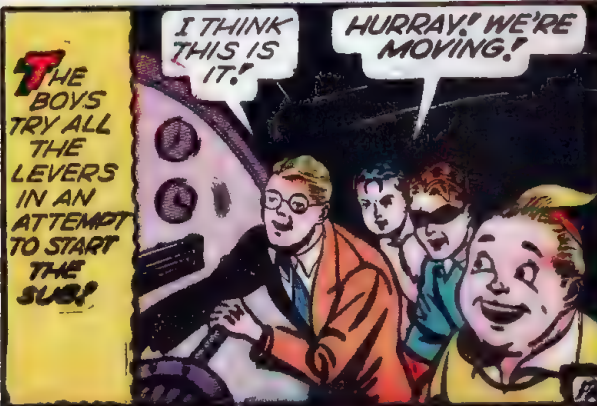
LOOK! THEY CANT SUB-  
MERGE BECAUSE WE  
SMASHED THEIR CONNING  
TOWER! WE'LL BE ABLE  
TO FOLLOW THEM EASILY!  
GET BELOW!



**T**HE  
BOYS  
TRY ALL  
THE  
LEVERS  
IN AN  
ATTEMPT  
TO START  
THE  
SUB!

I THINK  
THIS IS  
IT!

HURRAY! WE'RE  
MOVING!







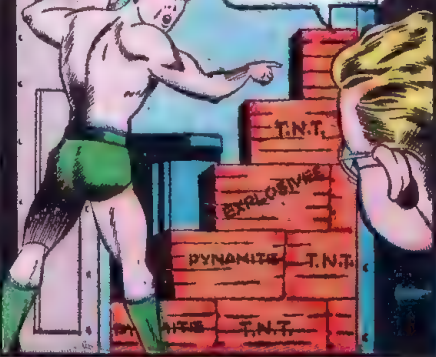
# The YOUNG ALLIES

CHAPTER 3  
...  
"INTO THE  
JAWS  
OF THE  
MONSTERS"

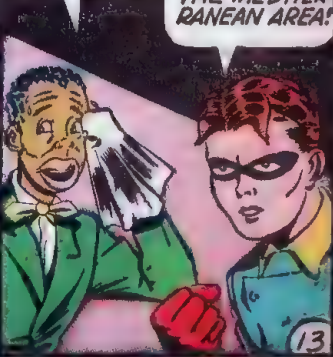
"GIVE IT A LITTLE MORE SPEED!" THEY'RE GETTING AWAY FROM US!"



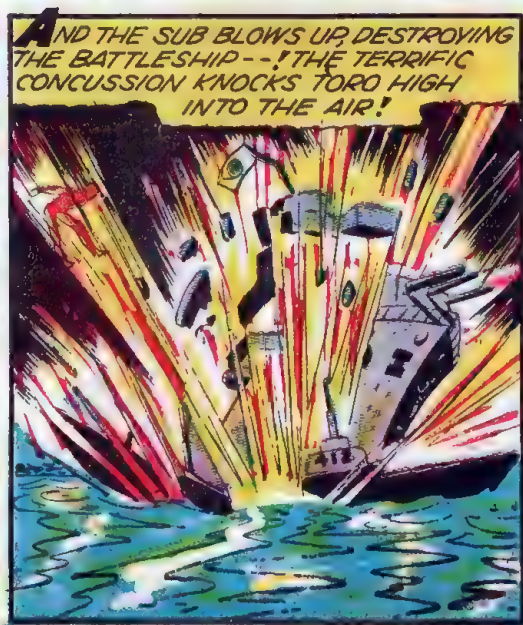
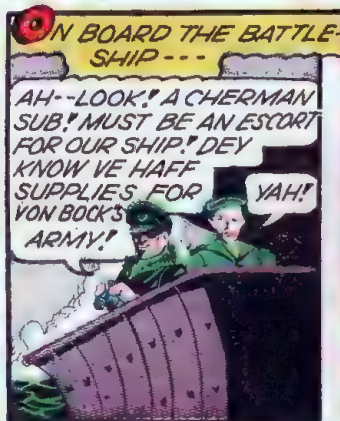
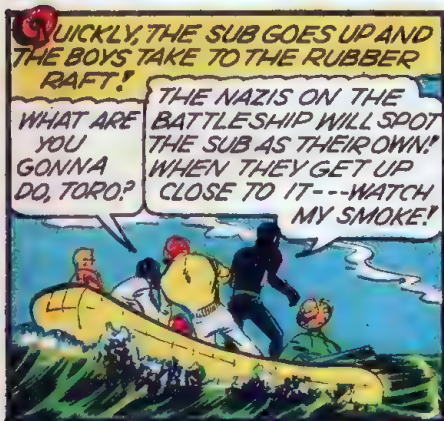
"HEY, GUYS! LOOK! THIS SUB IS LOADED WITH EXPLOSIVES! NO WONDER THE NAZIS WANTED TO GET AWAY FROM IT!"



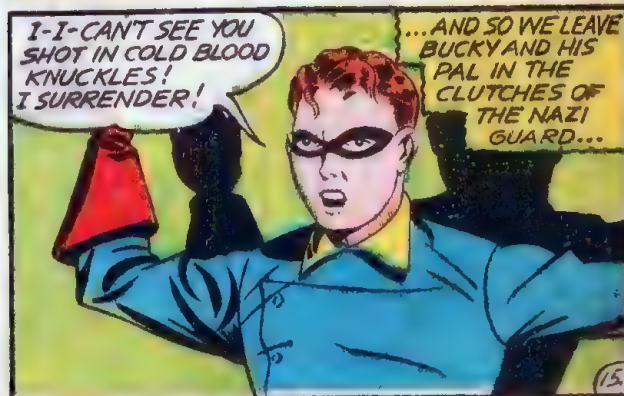
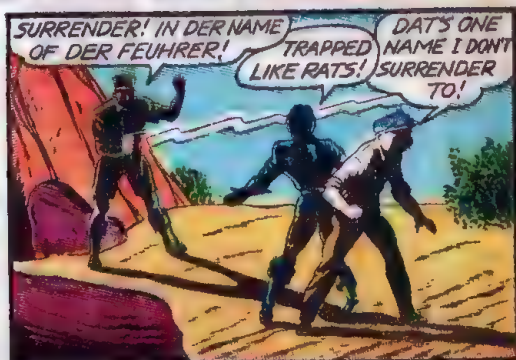
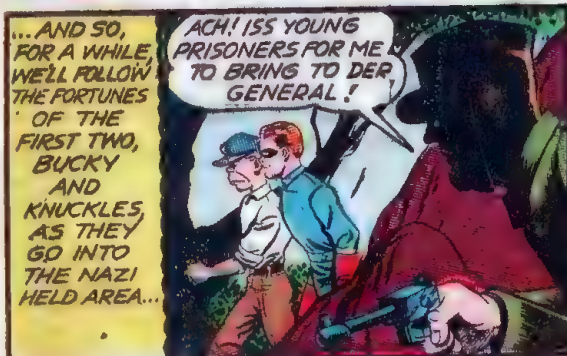
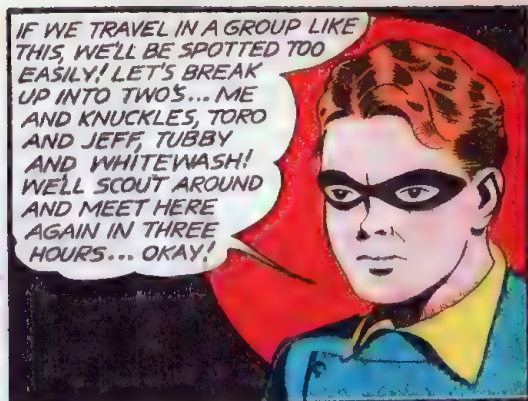
"WHEW! IT'S GETTIN' THAT'S PRETTY HOT! IT! NOW AH KNOW THAT NAZI SUB IS LEAD- HOW OUR TROOPS FEEL ING US, SOME- WHERE IN THE MEDITER- RANEAN AREA!"













TORO AND JEFF, IN THE MEANTIME HAVE COME UPON A WALL SURROUNDING NAZI HEADQUARTERS...

HOLY SMOKE! I'LL BET VON BOCK'S IN THERE!

LET'S CLIMB THAT WALL... BUT BE VERY QUIET OR OUR NAMES WILL BE MUD!



THAT MUSTA BEEN THE SHIP WE SUNK, EH, JEFF?

BUT OF COURSE! IT LOOKS AS THOUGH WE'VE DONE OUR SHARE IN FIGHTING THE "INVINCIBLE" MASTER RACE!



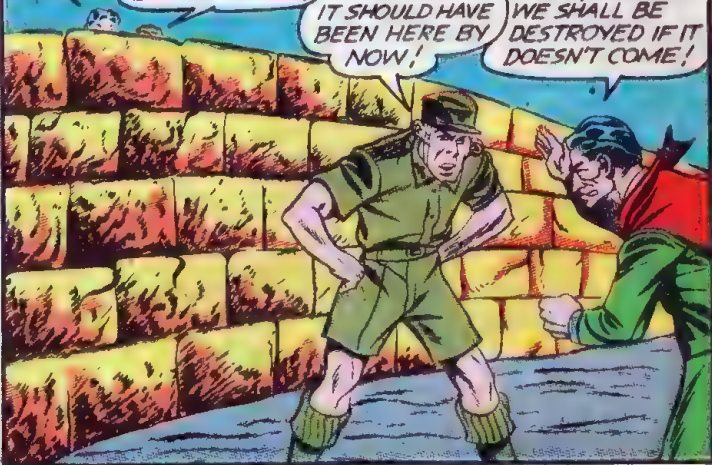
ER--I DINK I SHALL GO MIT YOU! AFTER ALL, DER REICH CANNOT AFFORD TO LOSE A VALUABLE GENERAL LIKE ME!



VON BOCK?... AND THE BLACK DIRGE!

WHERE ISS DOT SUPPLY SHIP? IT SHOULD HAVE BEEN HERE BY NOW!

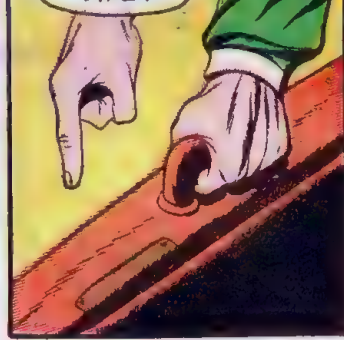
I CANT UNDERSTAND, GENERAL! WE SHALL BE DESTROYED IF IT DOESN'T COME!



IF THIS IS SO, I MUST GET BACK AT ONCE TO BERLIN WITH THE ALLIED PLANS I STOLE! THEN DER FEUHRER WILL BE ABLE TO HELP YOU BY LIQUIDATING THE UNITED NATIONS!



AND ALL THE PLANS ARE IN THIS VIOLIN CASE WHICH I'LL GUARD WITH MY LIFE!



BUCKY! KNUCKLES!

HERE ARE TWO AMERIKANER, GENERAL!

SUCH INTERRUPTIONS! ACH! THOSE AT A TIME LIKE THIS!

BRATS AGAIN! WHERE ARE YOUR FRIENDS? EH?





IT'S TIME FOR ME TO GET TO WORK!

BUT HOW ABOUT TUBBY AND WHITEWASH?

VOT ISS!

IT'S TIME FOR ME TO GET TO WORK!

BUT HOW ABOUT TUBBY AND WHITEWASH?

VOT ISS!

IT'S TIME FOR ME TO GET TO WORK!

BUT HOW ABOUT TUBBY AND WHITEWASH?

VOT ISS!

WE'LL WORRY ABOUT THEM  
LATER.' RIGHT NOW ---  
**YAHOO!**

A red superhero, resembling the Flash, is shown in a dynamic running pose. He is wearing a red suit with a yellow lightning bolt emblem on his chest. Behind him, a large, intense trail of orange and yellow flames or fire extends across the panel, suggesting high speed or a fire-breathing ability. The background is a solid blue color.

SHOOT! SHOOT, YOU FOOL!

B-B-BUT HE'S ALL FIRE!

C'MON, TORO!

CAN'T MAKE UP YOUR MIND, EH?

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CAN'T MAKE UP YOUR MIND, EH?

THE YOUNG ALLIES GO TO WORK WITH A BANG!

THAT TAKES CARE OF THE FORT!

BOK!

OWOO!

HEY! THE BLACK DOIGE IS GETTIN' AWAY!

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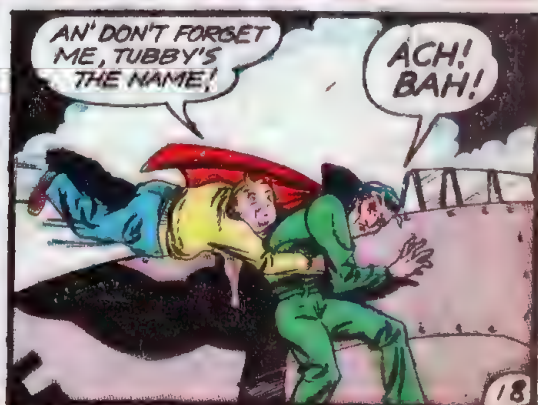
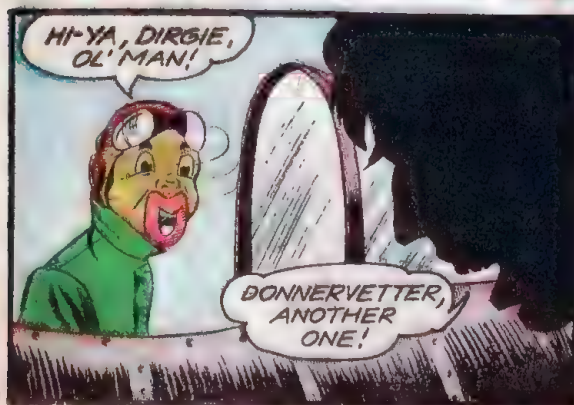
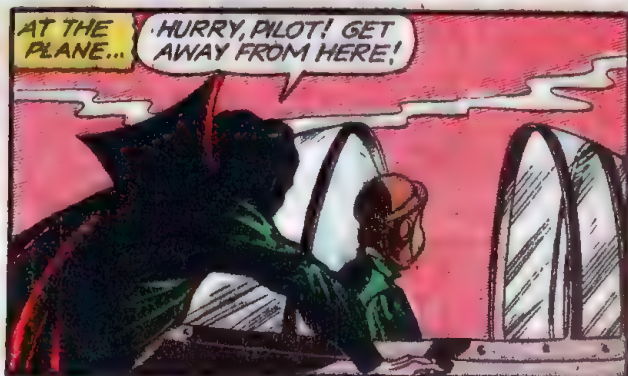
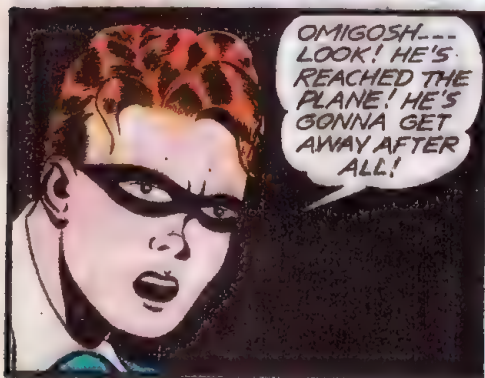
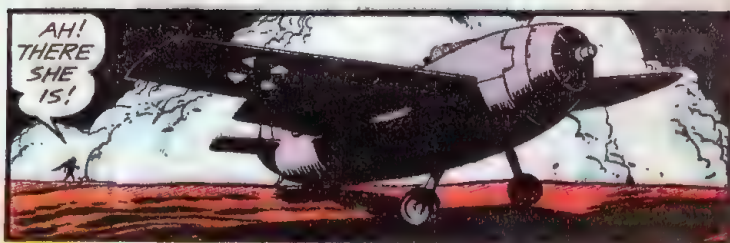
THAT TAKES CARE OF THE FORT!

BOK!

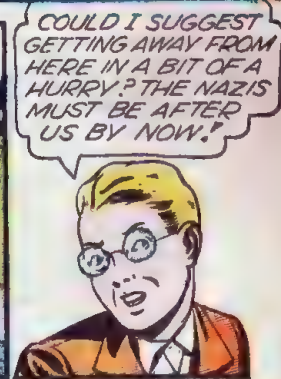
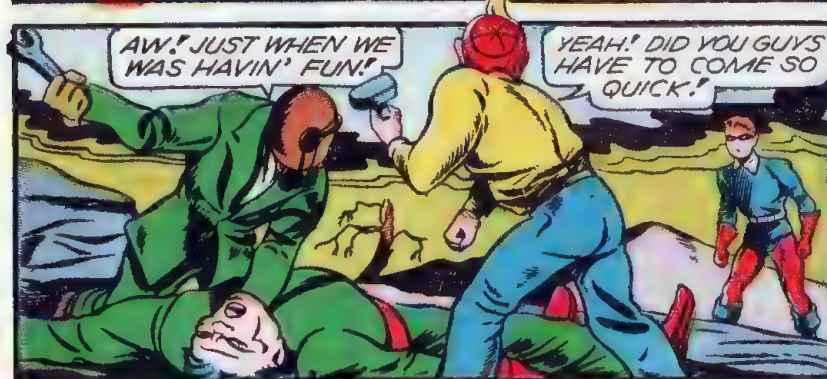
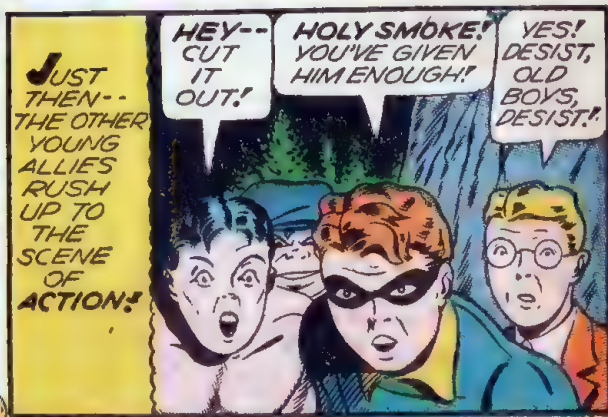
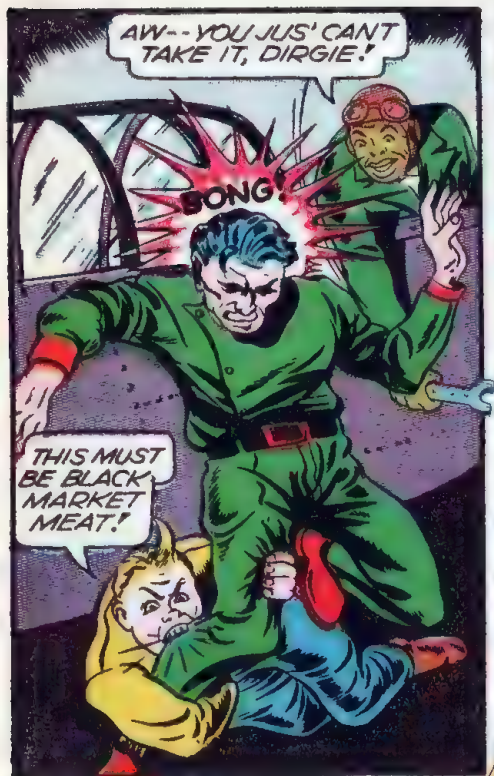
OWOO!

HEY! THE BLACK DOIGE IS GETTIN' AWAY!













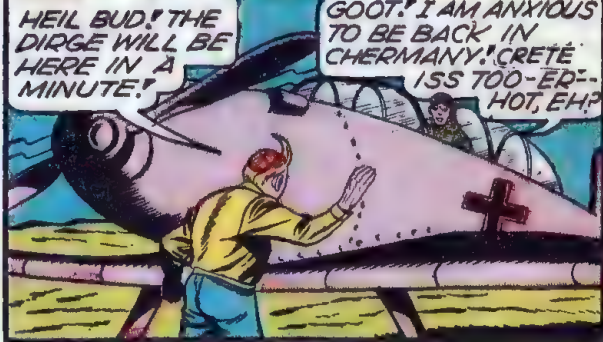
ALL RIGHT, WHITE-WASH, SPILL IT! WHAT DID YOU AND TUBBY DO AFTER YOU LEFT US?

WELL -- I'LL TELL YOU, BUCKY! IT'S LIKE THIS--

"WHILE TORO AND JEFF WERE LISTENIN' TO VON BOCK AND THE BLACK DIRGE, WE WAS LISTENIN' TOO--WE KNEW TORO WOULD TAKE CARE OF DEM, SO WE SNEAKED TO DE PLANE TO SEE WHAT WE COULD DO ABOUT TRANSFERRIN' PILOTS--"

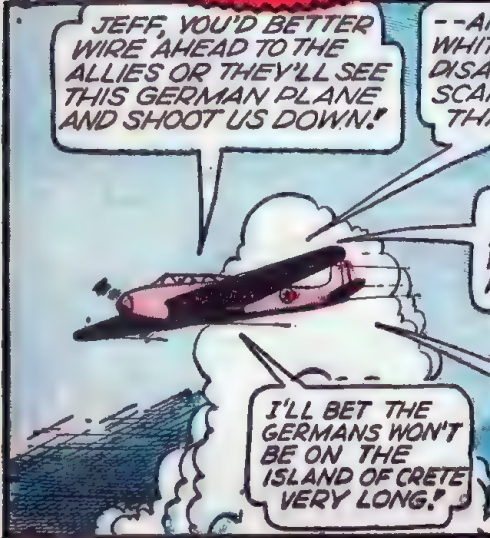
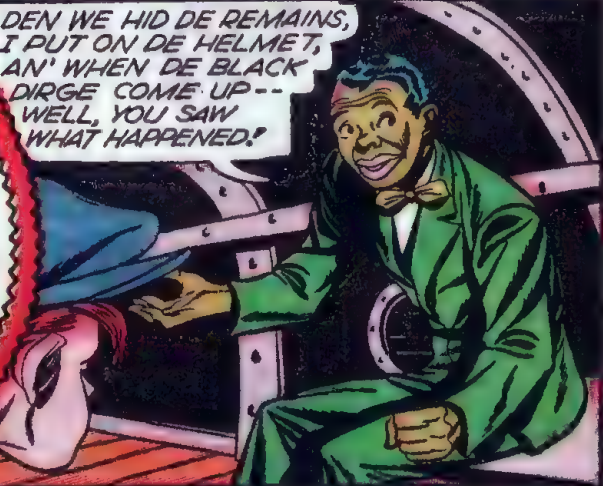
HEIL BUD! THE DIRGE WILL BE HERE IN A MINUTE!"

YAH? DOT ISS GOOT? I AM ANXIOUS TO BE BACK IN CHERMANY! CRETE ISS TOO--ER--HOT, EH?



"WHILE TUBBY TALKED TO DE PILOT, I EASED MYSELF AROUND DE PLANE, REACHED FOR A WRENCH, AND--"

DEN WE HID DE REMAINS, I PUT ON DE HELMET, AN' WHEN DE BLACK DIRGE COME UP--WELL, YOU SAW WHAT HAPPENED?"



JEFF, YOU'D BETTER WIRE AHEAD TO THE ALLIES OR THEY'LL SEE THIS GERMAN PLANE AND SHOOT US DOWN!"

--AND NEXT TIME, WHITEWASH, DON'T DISAPPEAR AND SCARE US LIKE THAT!"

OKAY-- BUT WHAT WOULD HAVE HAPPENED IF WE DIDN'T DO WHAT WE DID?"

I'LL BET THE GERMANS WON'T BE ON THE ISLAND OF CRETE VERY LONG!"

HMMM! I WONDER!"

THE END

SO DO WE--BUT LET'S NOT TALK ABOUT THAT--

GET READY TO HOLD ON TO YOUR HATS WHEN YOU READ THE ADVENTURES OF OUR FRIENDS IN THE NEXT--

**YOUNG ALLIES COMICS!**

And DON'T FORGET TO BUY WAR STAMPS AND GIVE THE AXIS THE BUSINESS FAST!

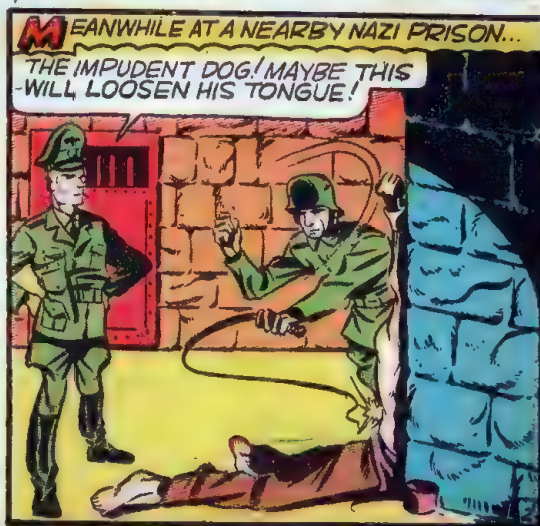
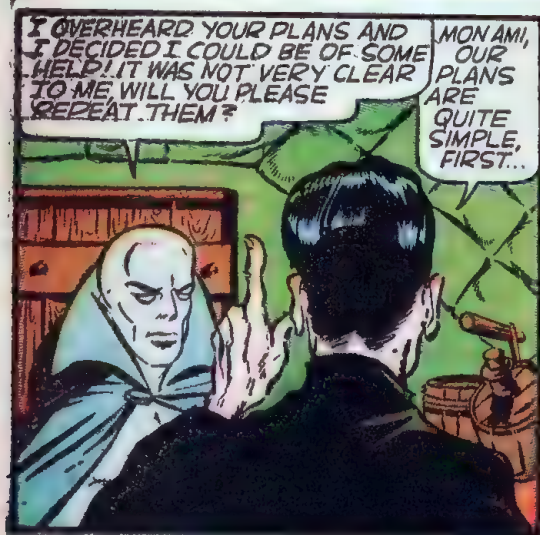
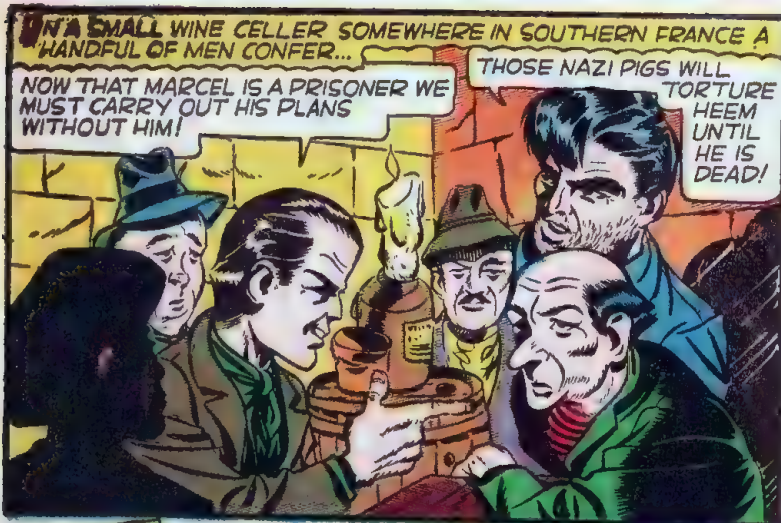


# THE VISION



FOLLOW THE ADVENTURES OF  
THE VISION  
AS HE GOES TO THE AID OF  
THE VALIANT MARCEL,  
MARTYR OF THE  
FRENCH UNDERGROUND  
IN THEIR  
"BATTLE AGAINST  
THE  
NAZI HORROR!"



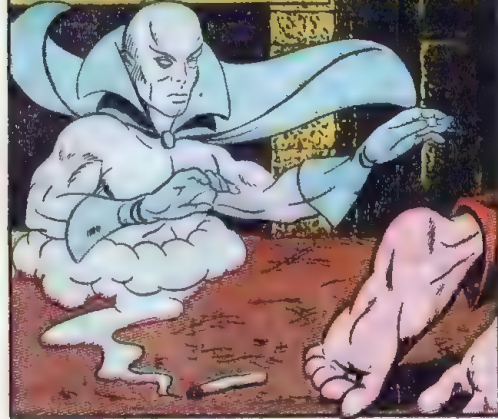




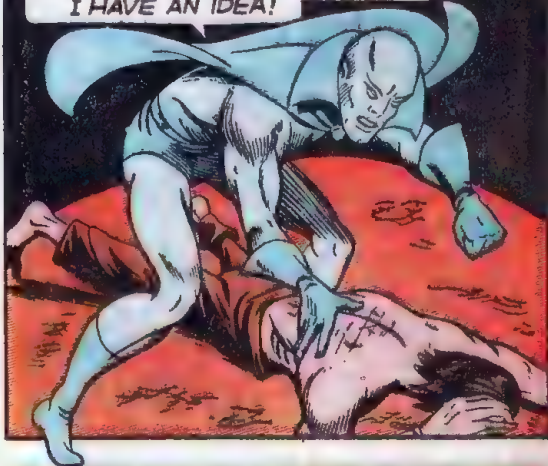
SHTOP IT! YOU FOOL, OR HE VILL DIE!  
VE NEED DER INFORMATION HE CAN  
GIVE! VE VILL BE BACK LATER!



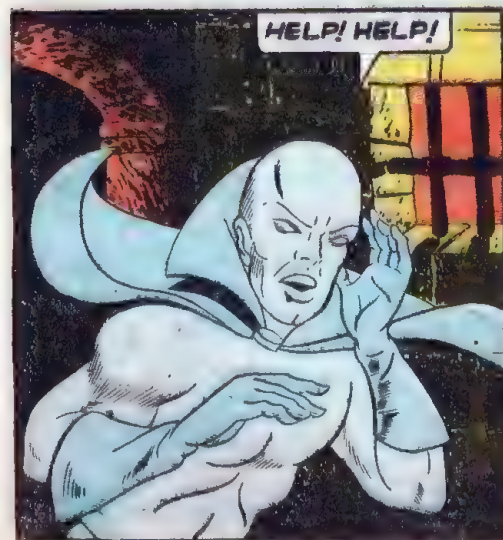
A FEW SECONDS LATER A COLUMN  
OF SMOKE RISES FROM THE NAZIS'  
DISCARDED CIGARETTE...



I MUST GET HIM OUT OF HERE,  
HE'S IN BAD SHAPE! WAIT....  
I HAVE AN IDEA!



HELP! HELP!



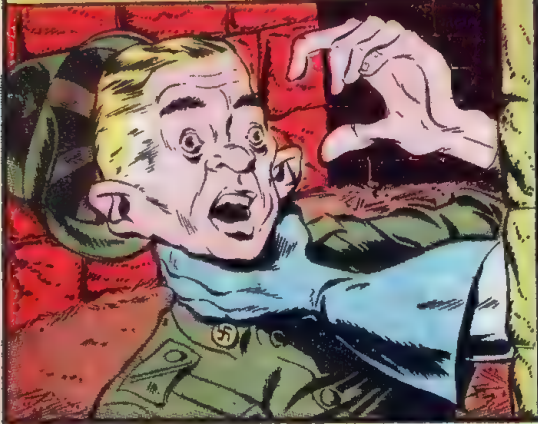
AN INSTANT LATER A GUARD COMES RUN-  
NING TOWARDS THE CELL...

VOT ISS?!

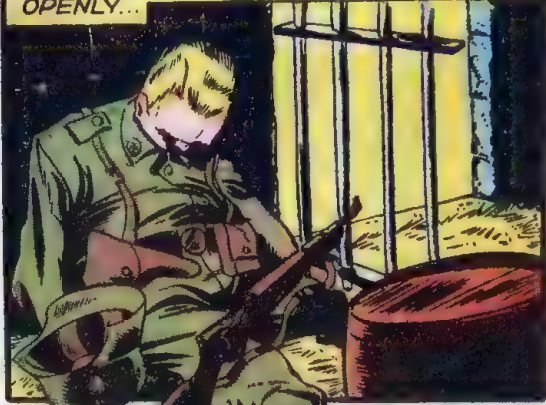




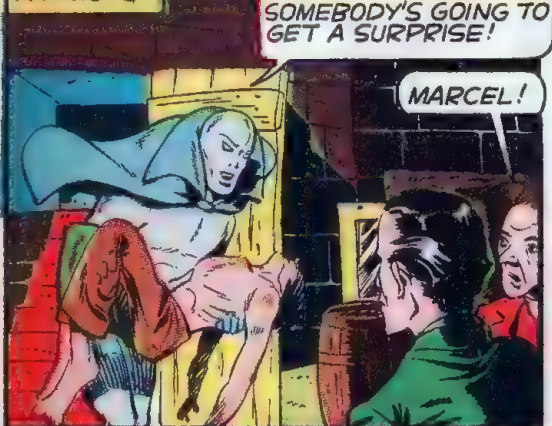
**A**S THE GUARD PASSES THE CELL, A MIGHTY ARM REACHES OUT AND...



**S**TEEL THewed MUSCLES CONTRACT... A FEW MINUTES LATER A LIMP BODY LIES STILL IN DEATH... AND A CELL DOOR GAPES OPENLY...



**A**FTER FREEING MARCEL FROM THE HANDS OF THE GESTAPO, THE VISION RETURNS TO THE MEETING PLACE OF THE FRENCH PATRIOTS...

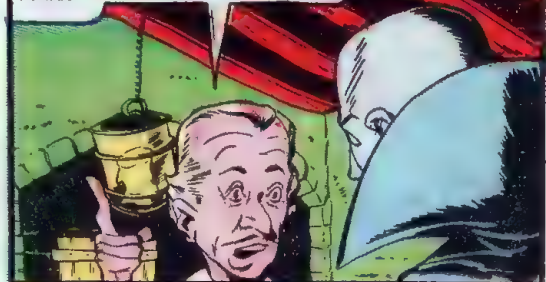


SOMEBODY'S GOING TO GET A SURPRISE!

MARCEL!

**L**ATER...

MONSIEUR LE VISION, WE ARE GRATEFUL TO HAVE YOU WORKING WITH US! THE NAZI TROOP TRAIN MUST BE DESTROYED! THE TROOPS ARE BOUND FOR MARSEILLE WHERE THEY WILL BE SHIPPED TO ITALY TO REPEL ANY ALLIED INVASION! WE MUST NOT FAIL!



**T**HE NEXT NIGHT...

SO QUIET TONIGHT, EH, HERMAN!

I VISH DOT TRAIN VOULD HURRY! I'M GETTING NERVOUS!

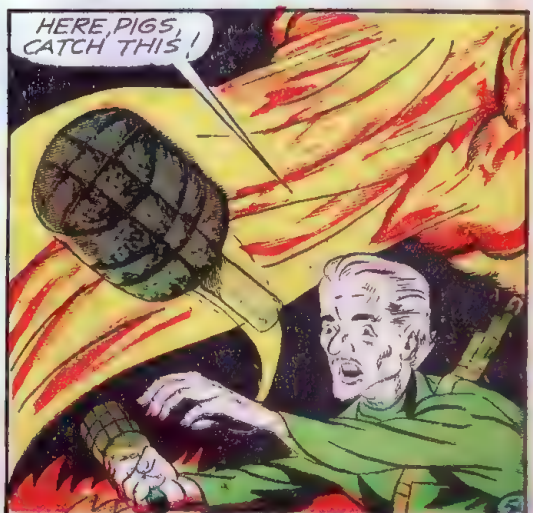
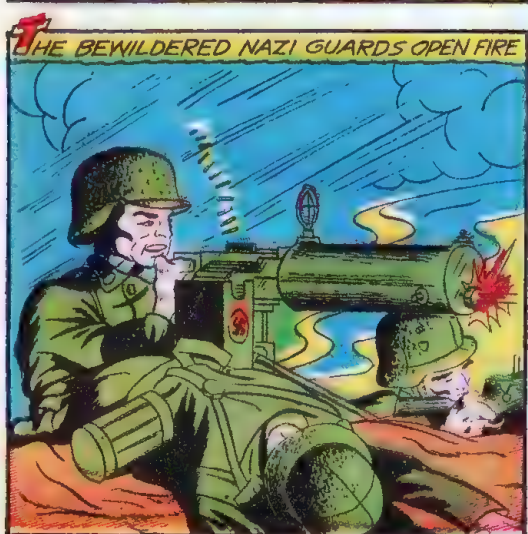
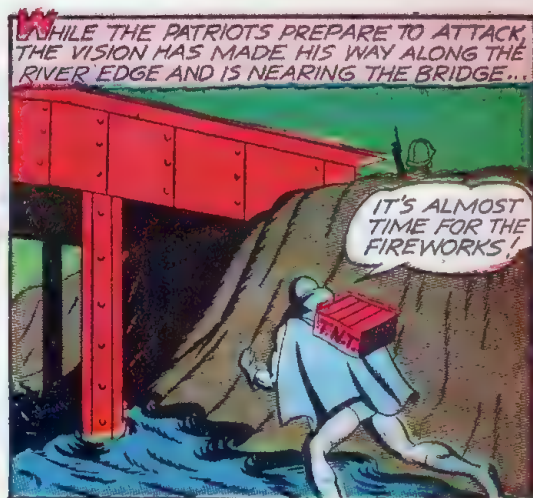


**M**EANWHILE, APPROACHING THE GUARDED BRIDGE...

THERE IS STILL A LITTLE TIME LEFT BEFORE WE ATTACK ZE FILTHY BOCHE!



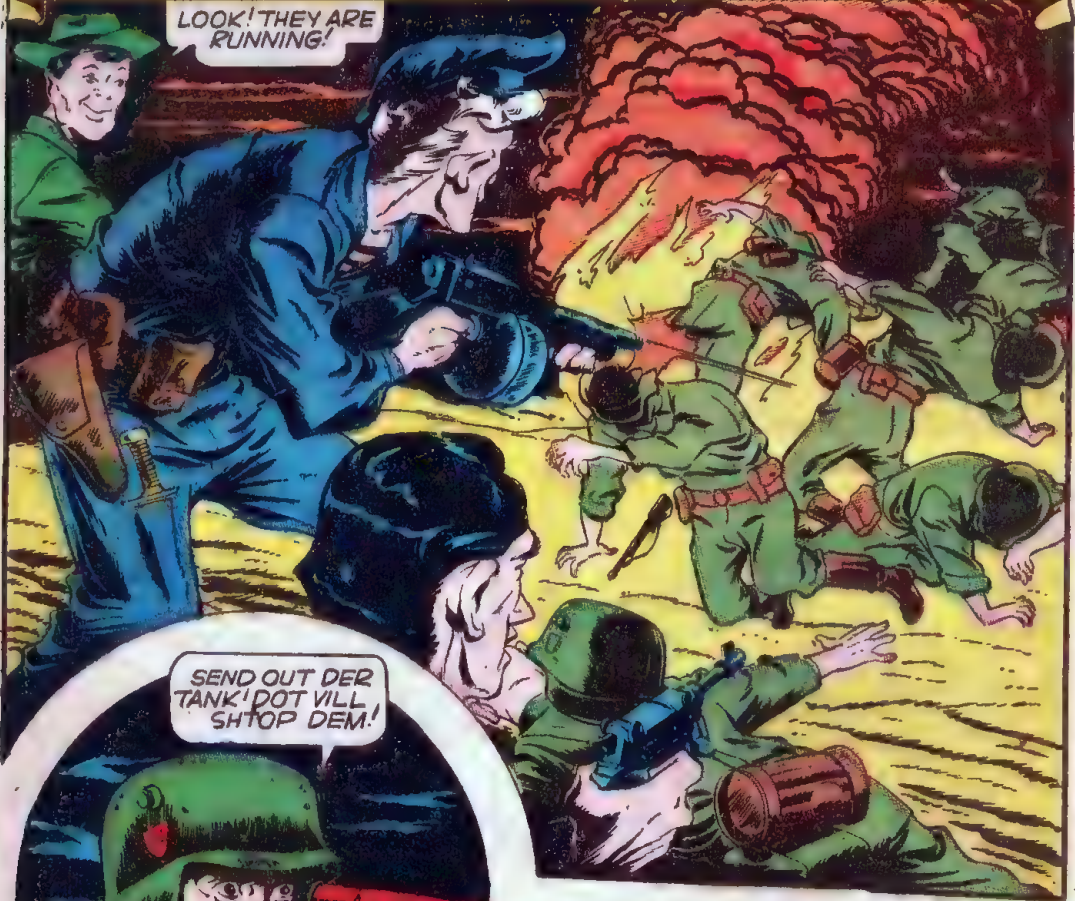






THE UNDERGROUND FIGHTS DESPERATELY FOR CONTROL OF THE BRIDGE AND SLOWLY BUT SURELY THEY GAIN VALUABLE GROUND STEADILY PUSHING BACK THE NAZIS!

LOOK! THEY ARE RUNNING!

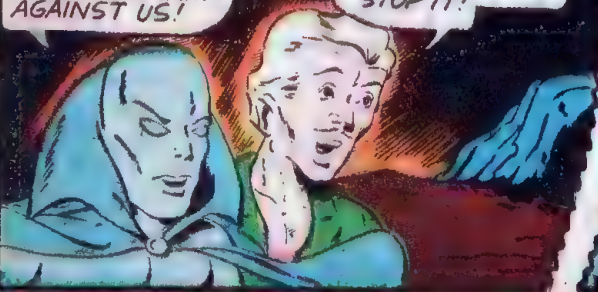


SEND OUT DER TANK! DOT VILL SHTOP DEM!



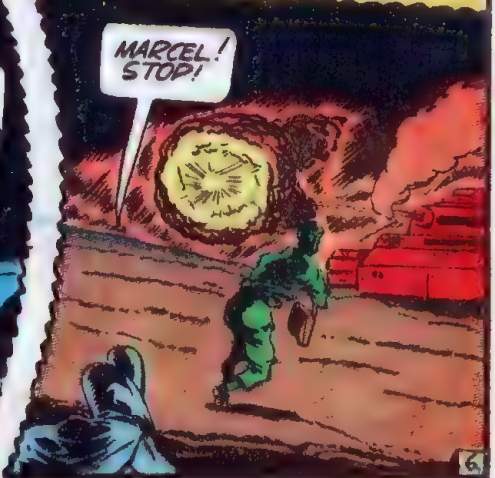
MARCEL LOOK! THEY'RE SENDING A TANK AGAINST US!

SACRE! WE CANNOT WIN AGAINST A TANK! THERE IS ONLY ONE WAY TO STOP IT!

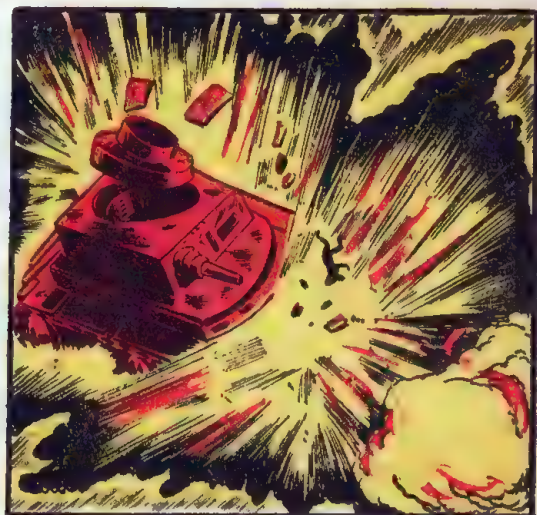


...AND BEFORE THE VISION CAN STOP HIM, MARCEL GRABS A SACK OF GRENADES AND LEAPS INTO THE PATH OF THE UNCOMING TANK!

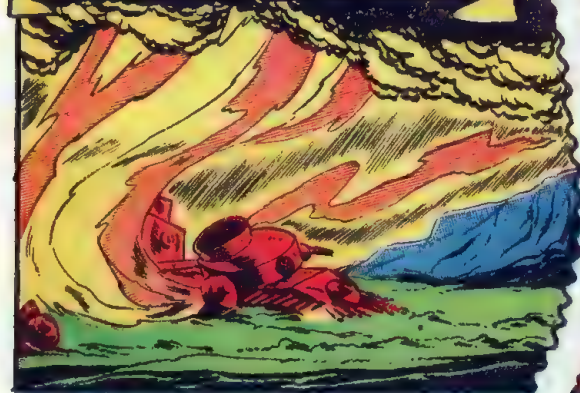
MARCEL! STOP!



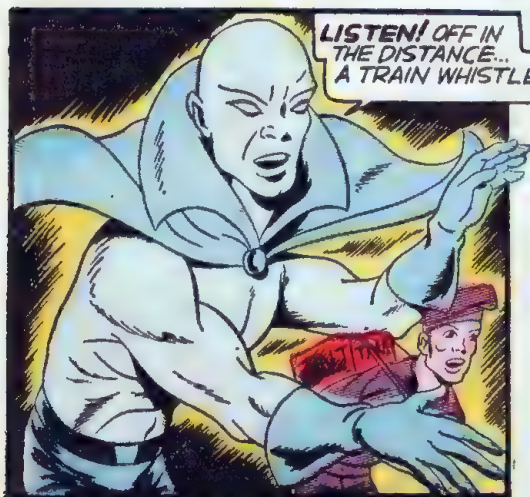




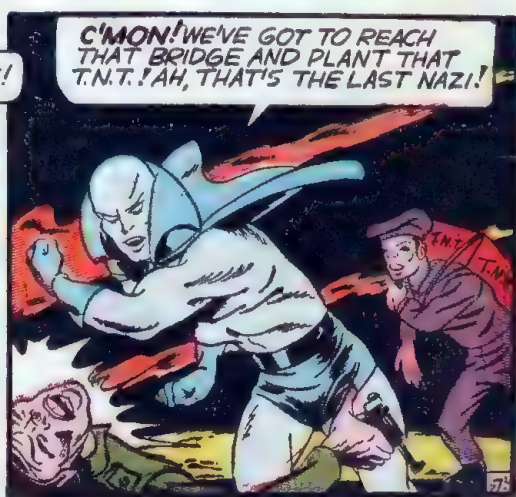
SO DIED MARCEL, PATRIOT OF FRANCE!  
DYING SO THAT HIS COMRADES OF THE  
UNDERGROUND COULD ACCOMPLISH  
THEIR MISSION...



SPURRED ON BY THEIR COMRADE'S  
HEROIC DEATH AND THE BRAVE  
LEADERSHIP OF THE VISION, THE MEN  
OF THE UNDERGROUND RETURN TO  
THEIR TASK WITH RENEWED FURY...  
THE TASK OF KILLING THE NAZI!

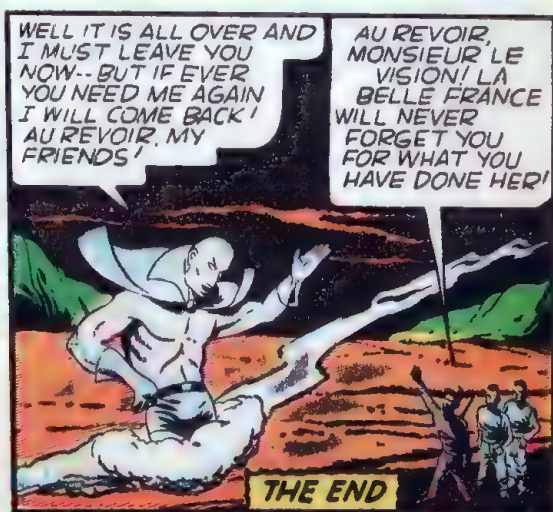
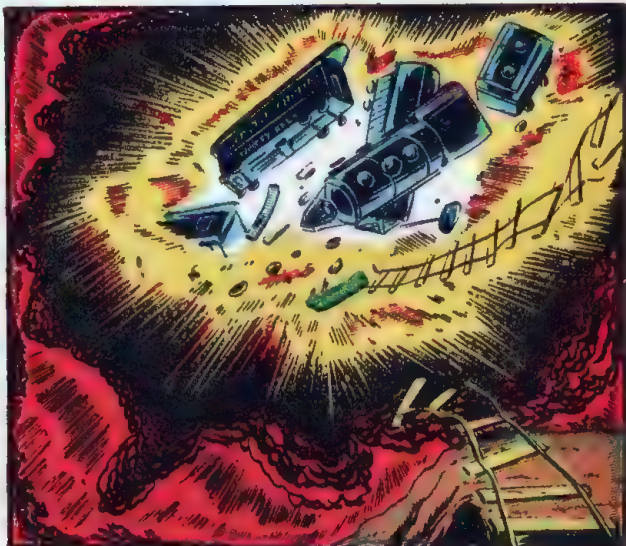
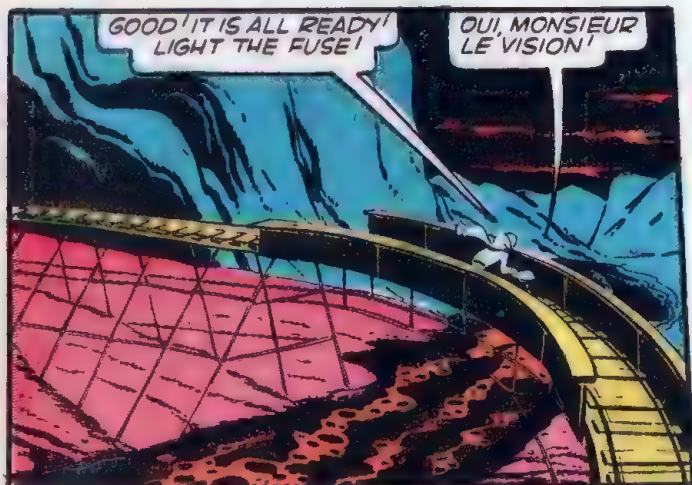


LISTEN! OFF IN  
THE DISTANCE...  
A TRAIN WHISTLE!



C'MON! WE'VE GOT TO REACH  
THAT BRIDGE AND PLANT THAT  
T.N.T.! AH, THAT'S THE LAST NAZI!

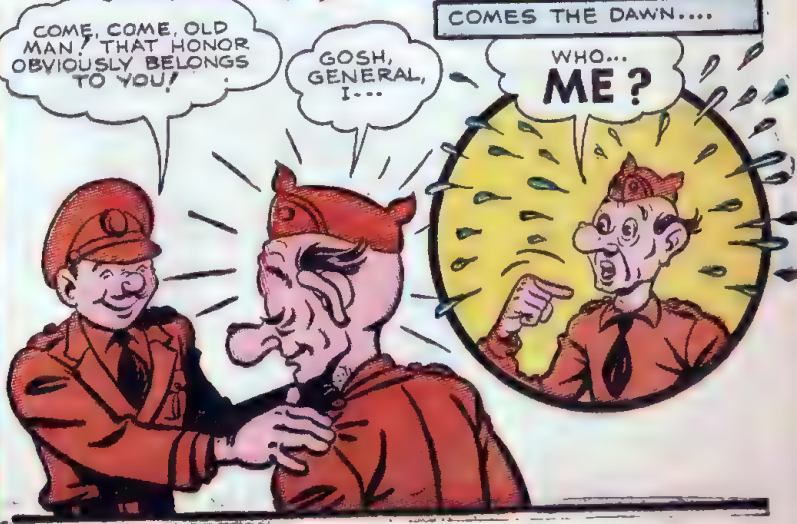
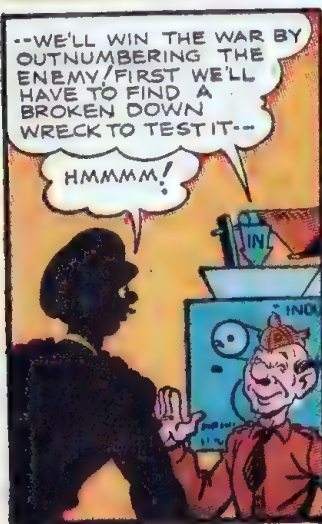
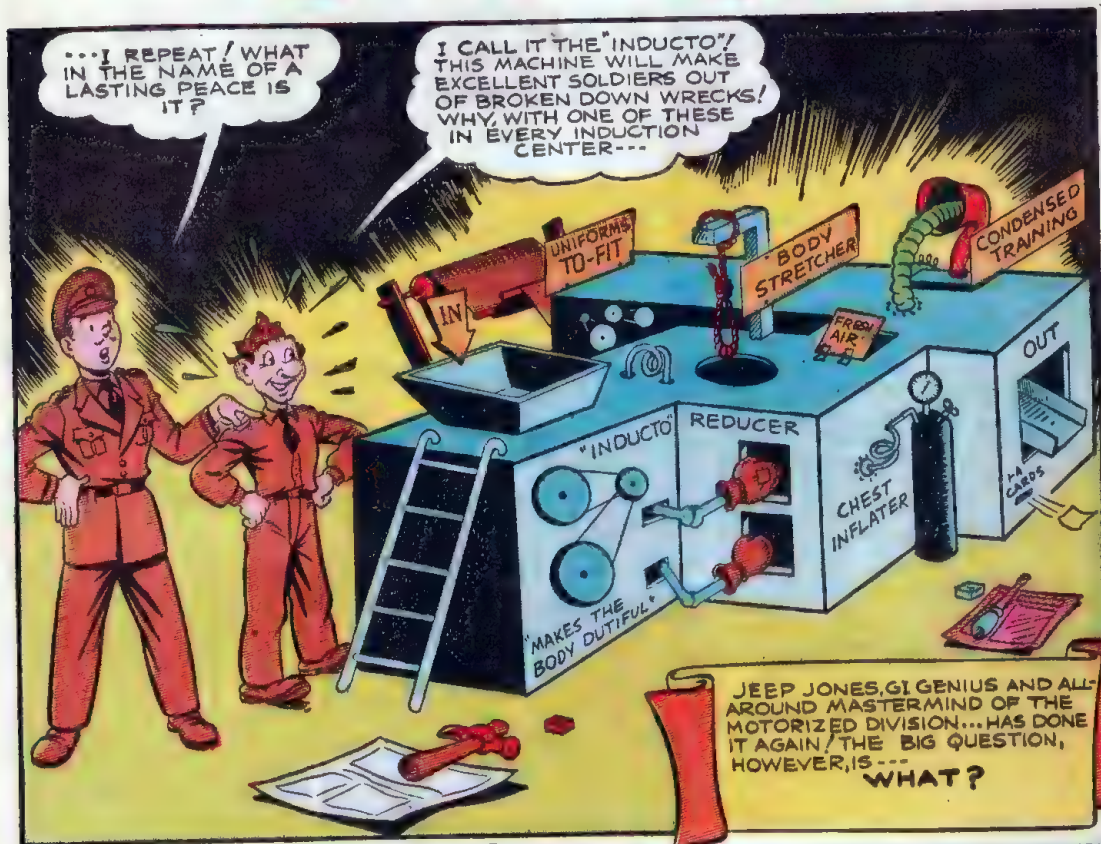




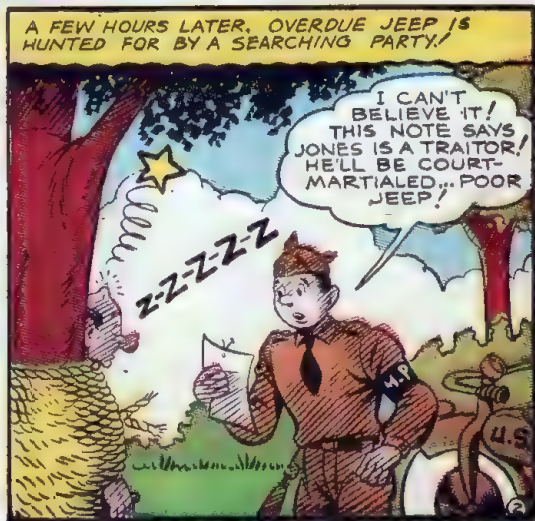
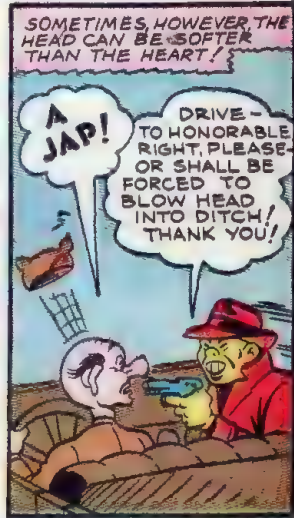
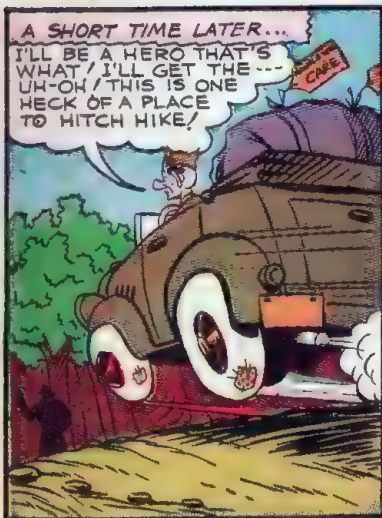
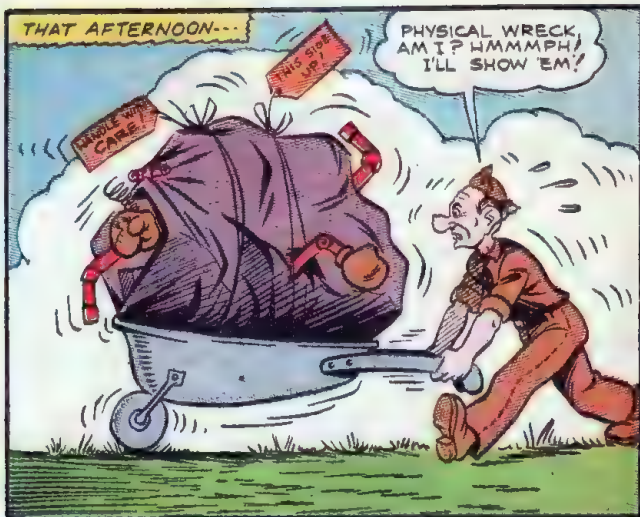


# JEEP JONES

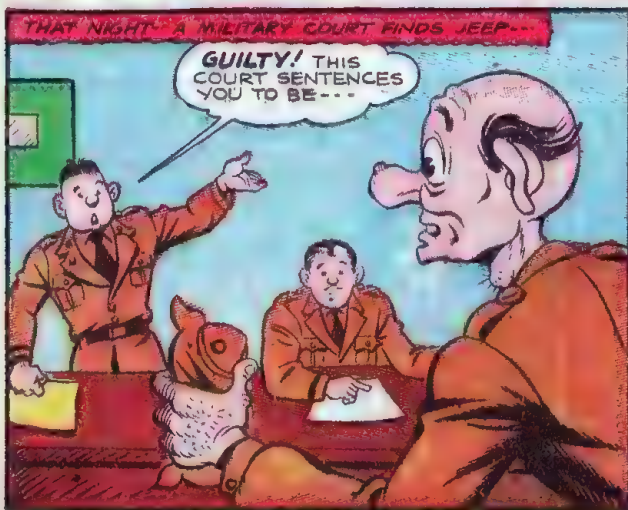
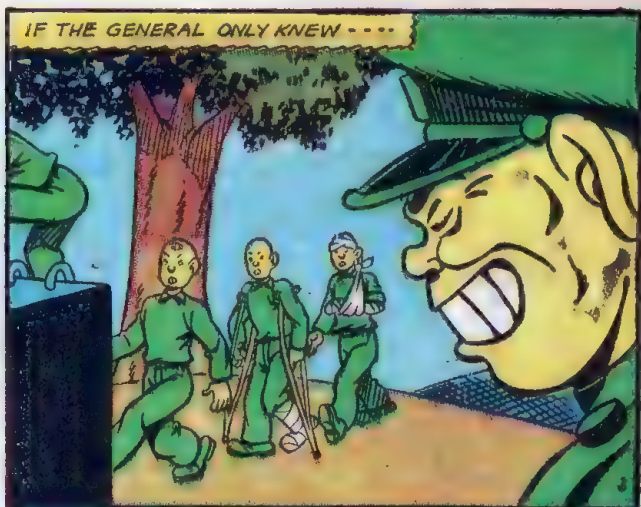
CHIC STONE  
AND RAY GILL



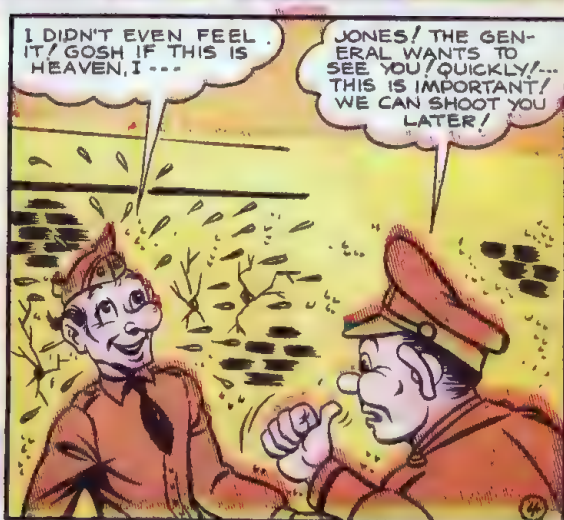
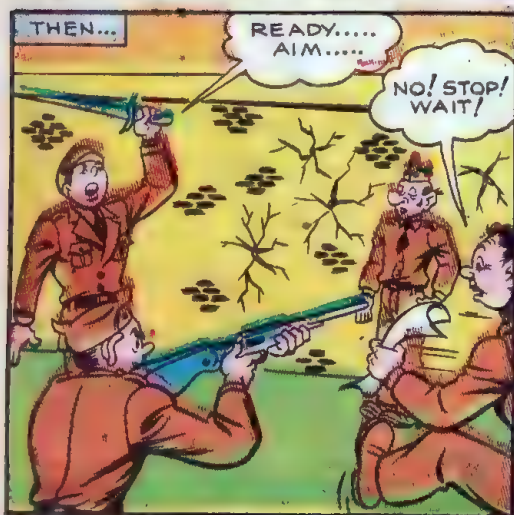
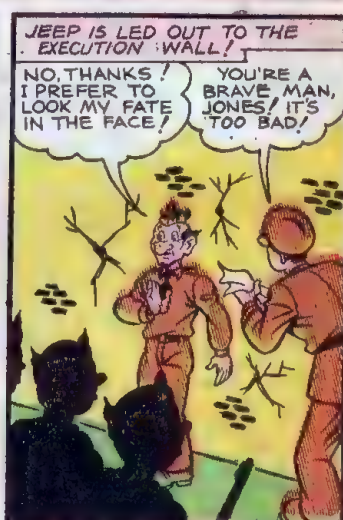
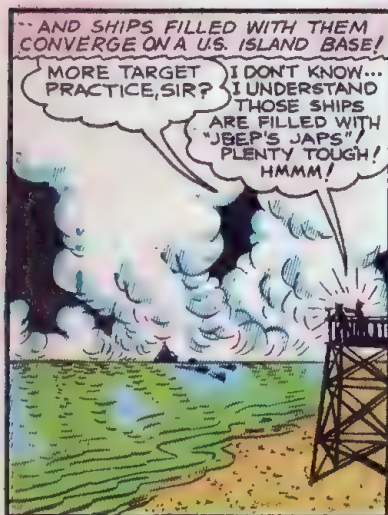
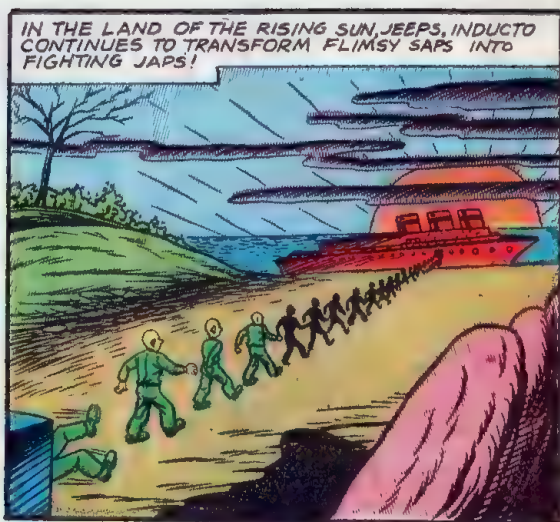




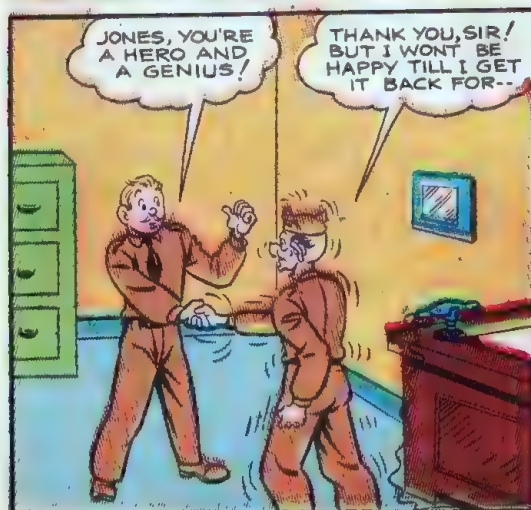
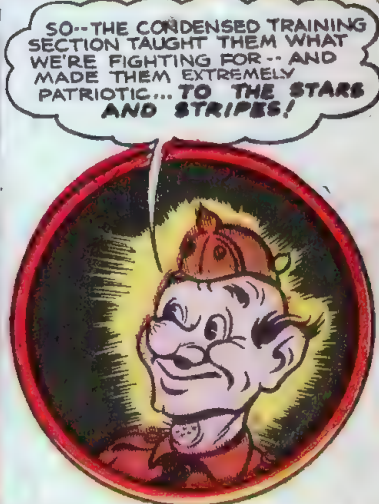
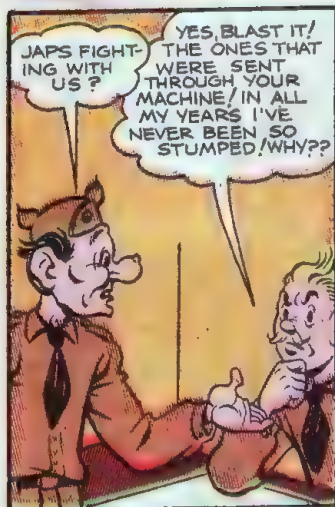
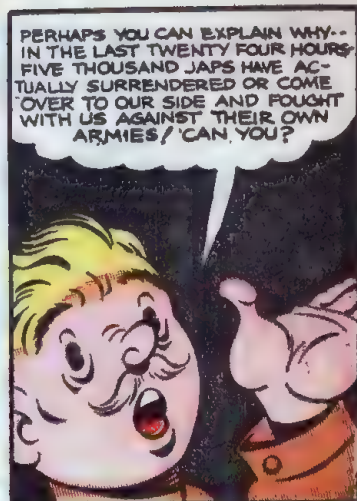
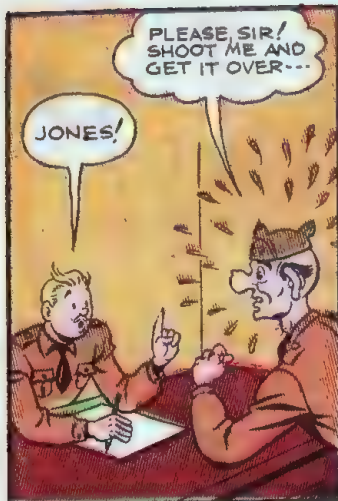














# the HUMAN EEL

**T**HE sheeting of ice on the narrow, winding channel was pretty well broken up, and Tod had made a good day's catch of eels. Pulling the old boat up into the marsh grass, Tod started toward the shack, the long-pronged eel pole in one hand, the bucket with his catch in the other hand. At the hotel in the village it would bring a couple of bucks, which wasn't bad for a few hours' work.

Inside the door of the shack Tod paused . . . Visitors to this part of the country were almost an oddity, but Tod discovered that he had a caller now. At the table a man was seated. A strand of yellowish hair stuck out from under a battered grey hat.

Tod introduced himself. "People don't come around often. Before the war started there were plenty of tourists and campers. Now . . ."

"I know," Hardy admitted. "Now everything's changed. Me . . . I used to have a good, respectable job. But that's changed. I've got a job but it's different from what I used to do."

At supper Hardy said, "Won't be around long. Got turned down by the Army docs. Ticker not good enough. Told me to rest up a while."

Tod nodded. "Hang around as long as you want. Plenty of sea food to eat, and I get by well enough. This is the right place for a rest."

It didn't occur to Tod for some time that Hardy might not be on the up and up. Hardy talked little and Tod had decided it wasn't any of his business.

The two of them walked to the village one day when Tod took in a catch of soft shells and more eels. Hardy commented, "I'd go nuts sticking around here long. What do you do besides eeling?"

"Nothing much," Tod admitted. "Tramp around and take it easy. It's fun out along the beach . . ."

"Beach-comber," Hardy muttered, shaking his head. "Can't see anything in that. How do you stand with the draft?"

"Going in first of the month," Tod admitted. "That's why I'm loafing."

**T**OD stopped at the hotel, disposed of his catch and went down to the little store, where he purchased what supplies he needed for the week.

On the way back along the marsh road Hardy asked, "Nobody else around here? I never see any houses."

Tod admitted, "A few beach cottages are all. The war's stopped people from traveling."

"About fifty miles from the city, aren't we?"

"That's right."

The rest of the way Tod found himself wondering why Hardy was curious. There was, Tod told himself later, something about Hardy he didn't quite like; some outward appearance that made a guy think of rum runners and hijackers. What was Hardy doing out here? Had he really been turned down by the Army physicians, advised to get away for a rest?

Hardy kept out of the way, and, as nearly as Tod could find out, he spent most of his time over near the ocean.

**T**HE tide was just coming in, and, without wondering why, Tod poled in the direction of the ocean, coming out where the mouth of the river widened. He could see the edge of the beach. Keeping the boat in close to the shore, Tod surveyed the lonely reaches of the beach, listening to the crumbling of breakers against the sand, feeling the damp kiss of spray upon his face. Hardy . . .

It was almost dark now and suddenly Hardy came into sight, walking down from the brush to the beach, standing a short distance out in the open. Tod saw Hardy's hand move, and a second later saw the blink of the flashlight. Off . . . on . . . off . . . on . . .

As Tod watched, his fingers gripping the long pole trembled, and his heart began pounding. Again and again Hardy's light flashed, sending its ray out to sea, into the darkness over the breaking surf. Hardy was signaling someone out there . . .

Unthinkingly Tod's fingers relaxed their grip and a second later the long pole slipped and struck the gunwale of the boat. It was loud enough to carry to Hardy, and as Tod crouched down, trembling, groping for the pole again, he saw Hardy's silhouetted figure whirl and race forward. . . .

"Okay," Hardy's gruff voice called. "Pole your boat in here, kid. Don't try to get away!"

**T**OD felt the nose slide up on the sand, listened to the soft grating of it against the wood. Hardy pulled it higher and the beam of the powerful flashlight slit the black and struck Tod's eyes.



"Snooping, eh?" Hardy muttered "You ought to know better than that, kid—"

"I wasn't snooping," Tod answered. "The tide's just coming in and I've been eeling and saw you using the flashlight. You—you were signaling someone out there! What for?"

Tod waited. He'd stopped trembling. His hands gripped the long pole, trying to steady the crazy tumbling around of his mind.

Hardy pushed the boat out, hopped in "We'll go back. Get your pole going, kid, and maybe I'd better warn you. No funny stuff. Because it wouldn't be funny for you!"

**T**OD poled the boat slowly, watching the dim outline of the trees along the bank sliding past. It gave him a queer feeling to think that the man sitting in the front, watching him with a gun in his pocket ready to kill, was a traitor.

Tod said harshly, "You're selling your own country short!"

"Maybe," Hardy admitted quietly. "But what's the difference? It's not much of a country. Everything I've got out of it I've worked hard for. If the people in it are dumb enough to be sold short, that's their look out. I'm not turning down good dough because of sentiment."

"I'll bet," Tod muttered, "you've never seen the inside of a church!"

Hardy didn't answer right away. His body rocked at each stroke of the pole. He drawled, "What's the dif? It's my life, kid. I'm making a little easy dough so that when things quiet down again, I can enjoy myself."

Tod was glad of the darkness, because his eyes were smarting and his lips trembled, and he knew Hardy would get a laugh out of him for feeling like that. But it went deeper. No matter what Hardy was doing, whether he accomplished his purpose or not, Tod knew his life was in desperate danger.

"Nice place out here," Hardy drawled again, as if reading Tod's thoughts through the night. "Nobody ever comes around. You got any relatives, kid?"

"Of course—"

"Tough," Hardy said succinctly "They're gonna miss you."

**T**HE nose of the boat whispered in among the weeds and Hardy got out swiftly, cat-like, and turned instantly to watch.

"Never mind your catch," he said. "As it is, you were too late. I won't have to go back to the beach. I got an . . . answer. I've done my job, kid. Sometime tonight people are go-

ing to land on the beach. Nice people, who pay reel wages!"

Tod got out and pulled the boat up into the weeds as far as he could. The pole lay on the ground. He turned.

Something made him do it—made him hurl himself at Hardy. Hardy cursed and a split second later the flat bark of a gun smashed into Tod's face. He felt the searing pain through the flesh of his side, and his fist drove home, finding a place on Hardy's face. Hardy jerked his hands up to save himself from falling, and Tod sloshed forward through the slippery mud, driving again and again at the bulk of the man before him.

Regaining his balance, Hardy twisted sideways. Again his revolver barked and Ted felt the red-hot passage of the slug through his shoulder. He toppled forward. His hand touched the long, slender eeling pole. Hardy moved back, waiting, probably, to be sure . . .

With his right hand Tod gripped a sodden clump of mud. He gathered his strength, rolled to the side and straightened. Again Hardy cursed and again the gun barked.

Tod flung his hand out and the mud struck Hardy's blur of a face and he yelped with surprise and his feet slipped. Frantically Tod snatched up the eeling pole, rose to his knees. He drove it forward, aiming high, putting everything he had into the thrust. He felt the tines sink, heard the strangled cry from Hardy as his knees went out from under him and he dropped.

"It's not too bad," Tod told Hardy later at the shack, after patching him up. "And no use trying to get loose. I made sure I tied those ropes tight. Good and tight. At least they'll hold while I go to the village."

Hardy swallowed with difficulty. His throat was swollen and purple where the eeling pole had struck. He muttered, "You're a damn fool, kid. Two of us can work this—"

Tod washed the place on his side where Hardy's first bullet had nicked him. He laughed softly. "Two people can't do the kind of work you go for," he said. "You made a mistake, Hardy, calling the people in this country dumb. I'm not selling out."

Tod got his bum arm through the sleeve of his jacket gingerly. He said, "Take it easy a while. I won't be long. Just long enough to go to the village and arrange a little party for those guys you signalled out there. Since they're friends of yours, I want to be sure they get a nice reception!"

**THE END**



# DARE DEVILS 3



**T**HE WAR HIT THE GARMENT CENTER OF NEW YORK CITY, AND THE BOSS OF ONE LARGE PLANT HAD MIGHTY DISCOURAGING NEWS FOR THE WORKERS AS HE ADDRESSED THEM THAT EVENING!...

AND, DUE TO PRIORITIES, WE ARE UNABLE TO OBTAIN SUFFICIENT RAW MATERIALS TO CONTINUE PRODUCTION... THE PLANT CLOSING DOWN TONIGHT FOR THE DURATION!

OH!  
AW!  
AW!

THREE OF THE EMPLOYEES ARE PARTICULARLY DISAPPOINTED!

THERE GOES MY JOB!

THAT FINISHES MY FUTURE!

THERE GOES MY CHANCE TO MARRY LUCY LEE-- PRETTIEST GIRL IN CHINATOWN!





LATER, ON THEIR WAY HOME...



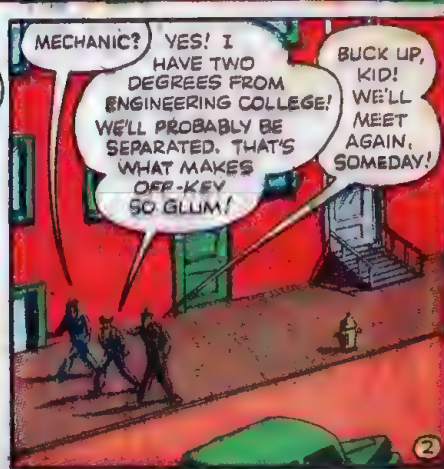
A ROAR SOUNDS OVERHEAD AND THEY ALL LOOK UPWARD...



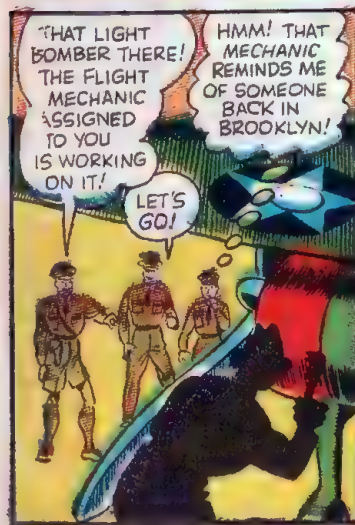
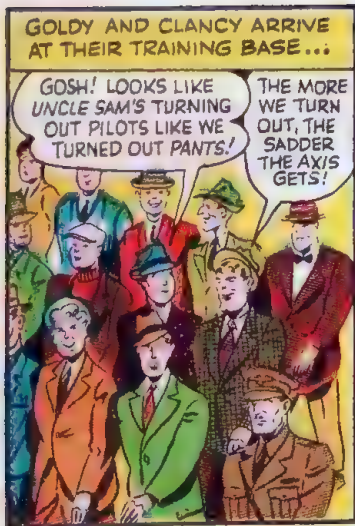
ALONG COMES OFF-KEY'S GIRL FRIEND, LUCY LEE ...



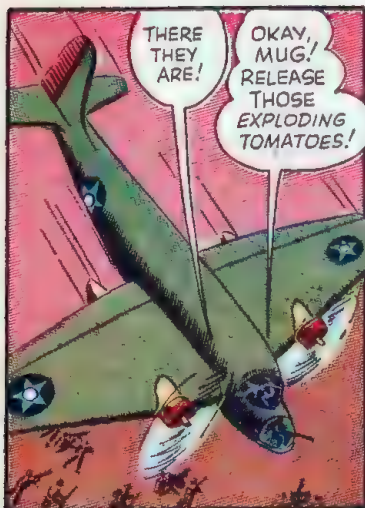
LATER, AT THE RECRUITING OFFICE...











THERE  
THEY  
ARE!

OKAY, MUG!  
RELEASE  
THOSE  
EXPLODING  
TOMATOES!

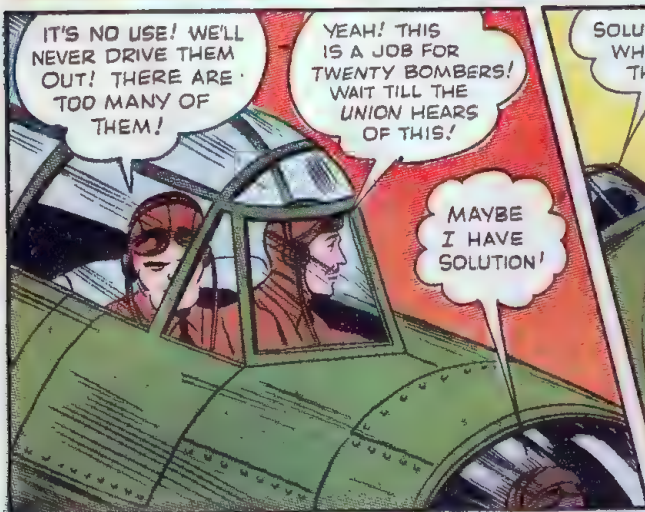


THE BOMBER SWOOPS LOW  
OVER A GUN EMPLACEMENT,  
RELEASES A BOMB, AND...

SURE!  
FRESH FROM  
THE JERSEY  
VINEYARDS!



AS MELICAN JITTERBUGS SAY,  
'CUT A LUG, BOYS! ...  
CHOP-CHOP!



IT'S NO USE! WE'LL  
NEVER DRIVE THEM  
OUT! THERE ARE  
TOO MANY OF  
THEM!

YEAH! THIS  
IS A JOB FOR  
TWENTY BOMBERS!  
WAIT TILL THE  
UNION HEARS  
OF THIS!

MAYBE  
I HAVE  
SOLUTION!



SOLUTION?  
WHAT'S  
THAT?

LIQUID LOTTEN  
EGGS! SMELLS  
WORSE THAN  
SKUNK! I'LL HAVE  
TO PUT IT IN  
GAS TANK!



WELL, WHAT'RE  
YOU WAITIN'  
FOR?



WHEW!  
SMELLS  
MISERABLE!

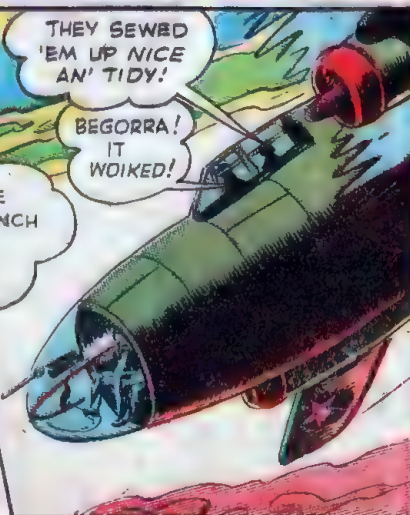
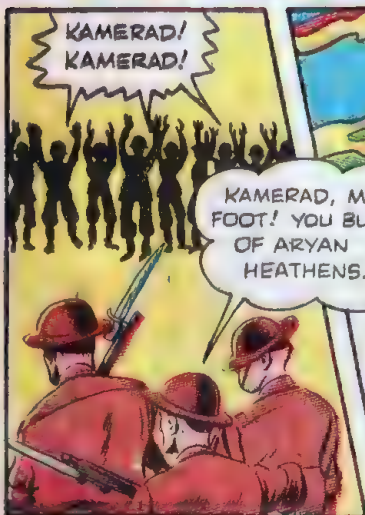
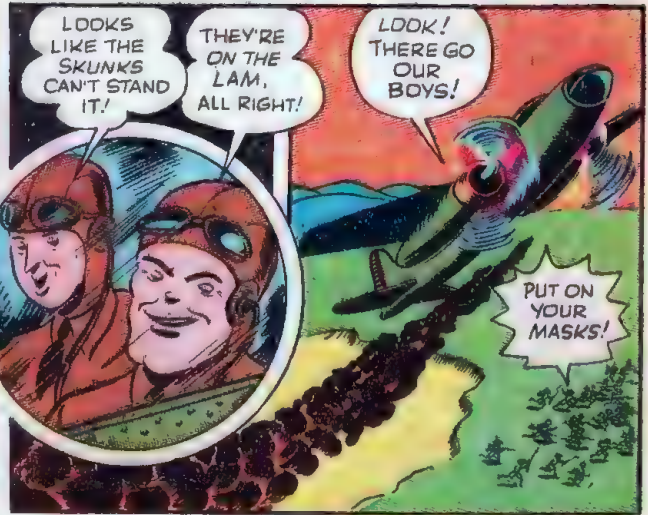
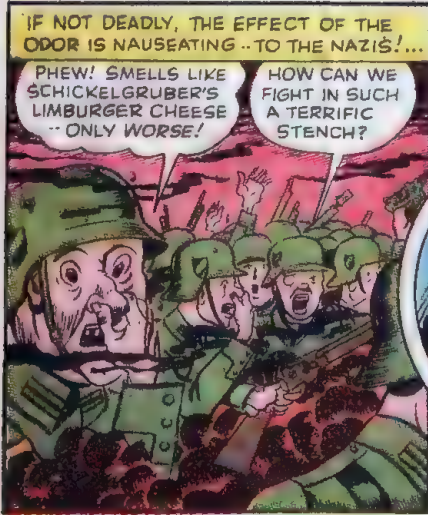


MINUTES LATER, A THICK  
PALL OF SMOKE BELCHES  
FROM THE PLANE'S EXHAUST!

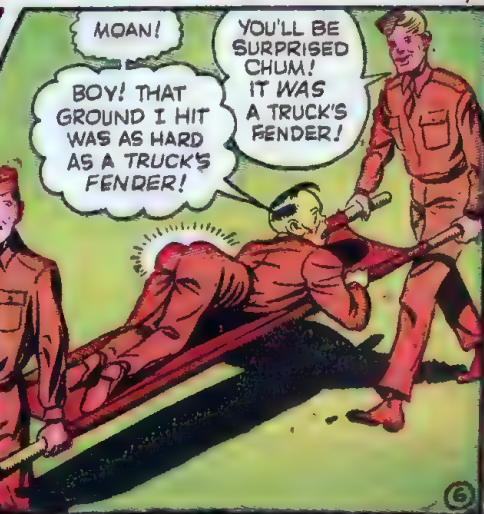
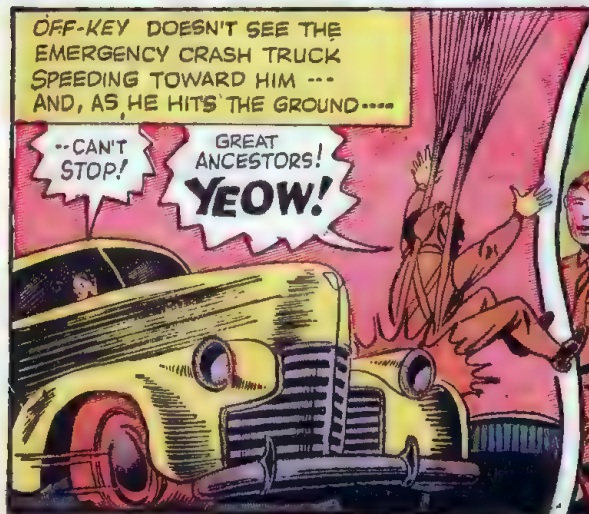
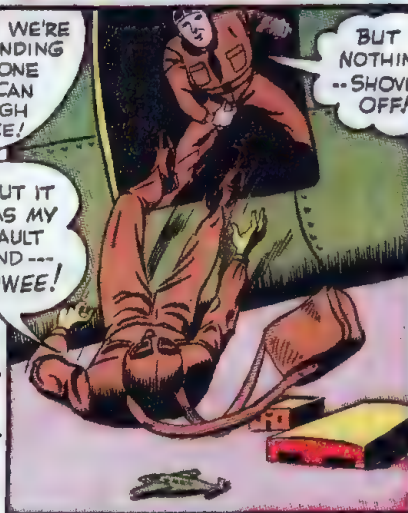
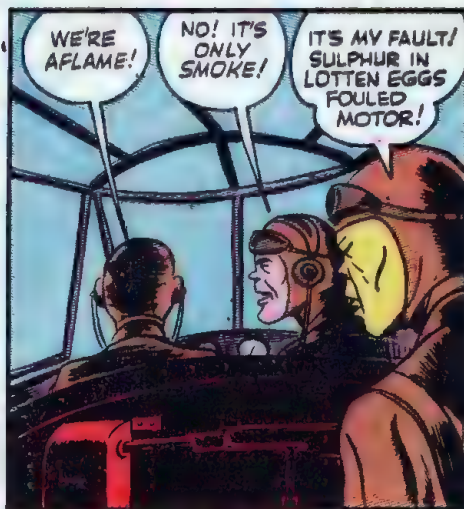
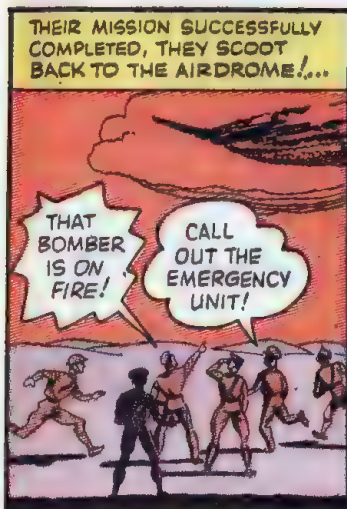
GAS!

ACH! NO!  
IT STINKS  
TOO MUCH  
FOR GAS!

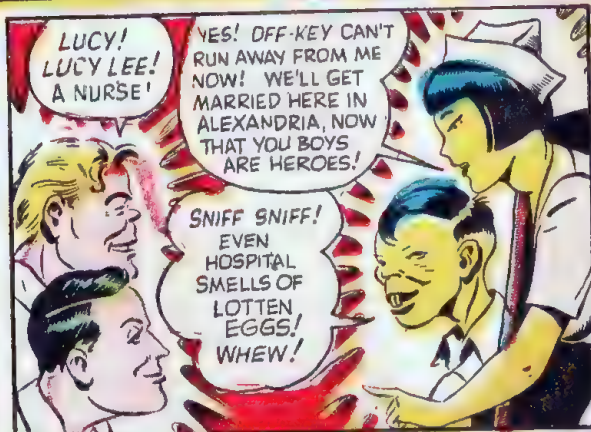
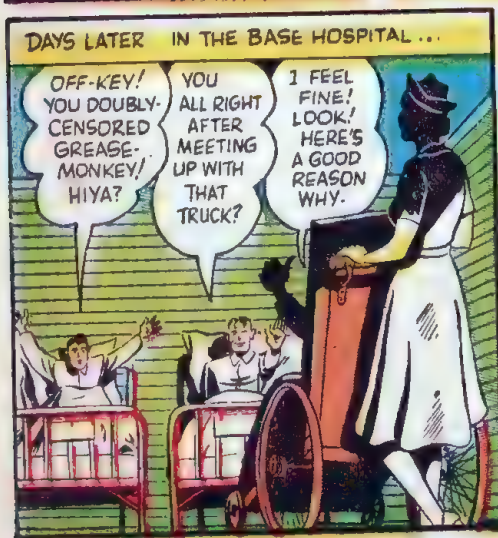
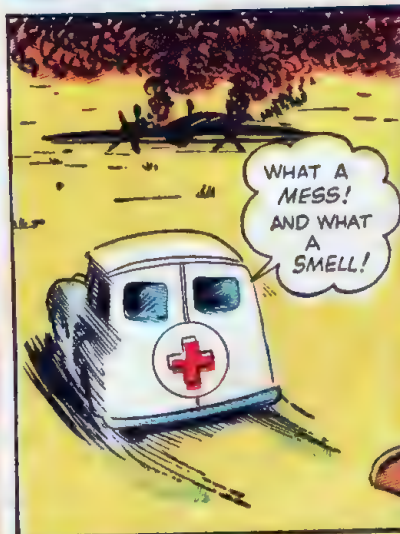
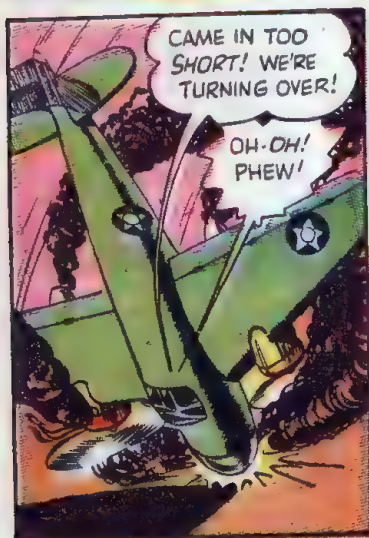
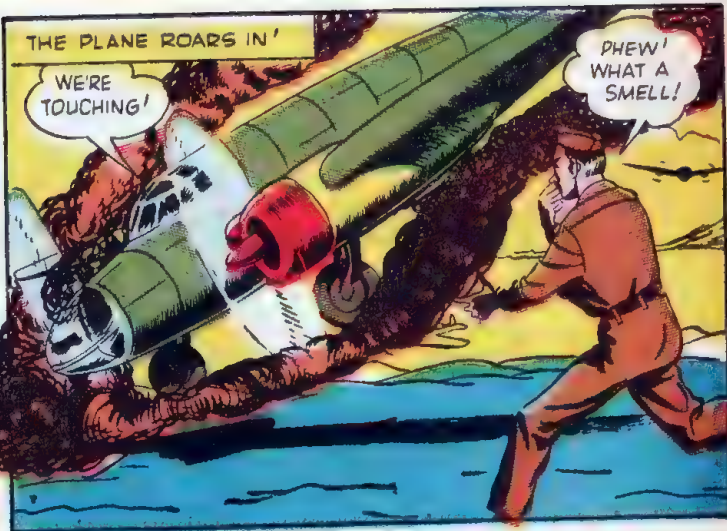






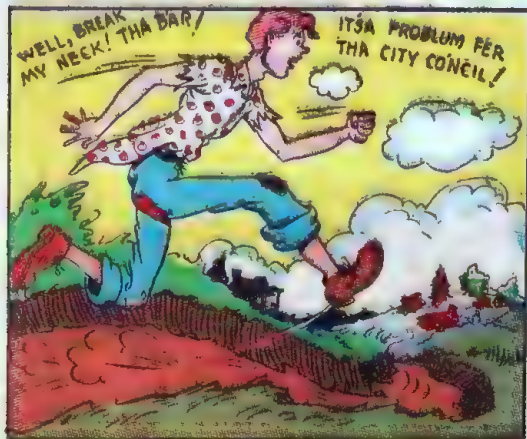




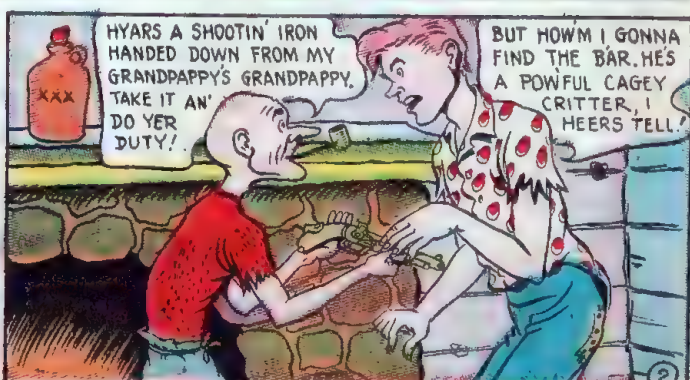
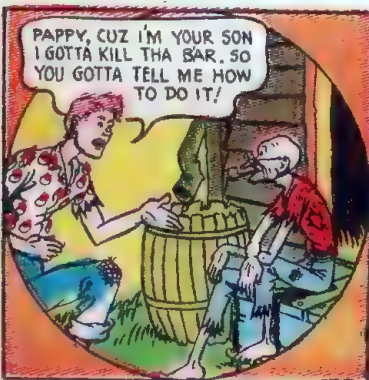
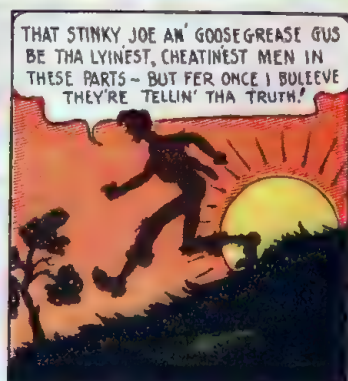
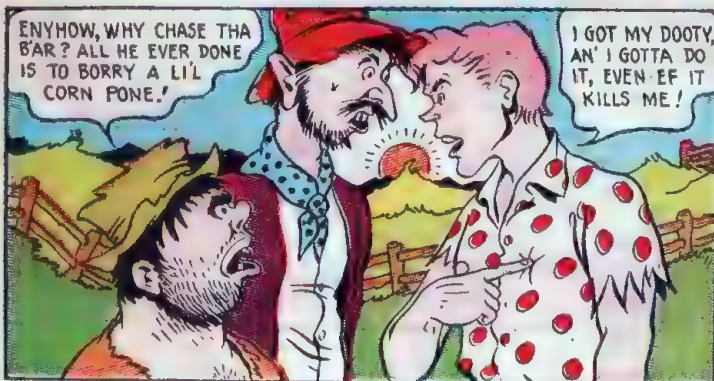
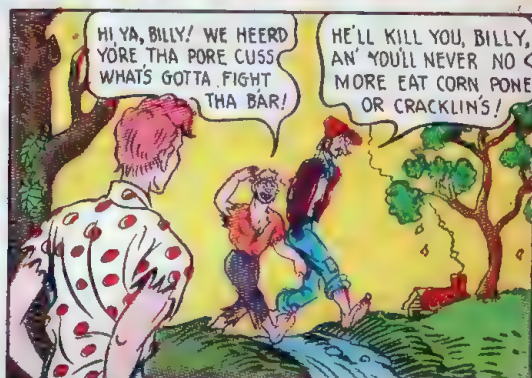
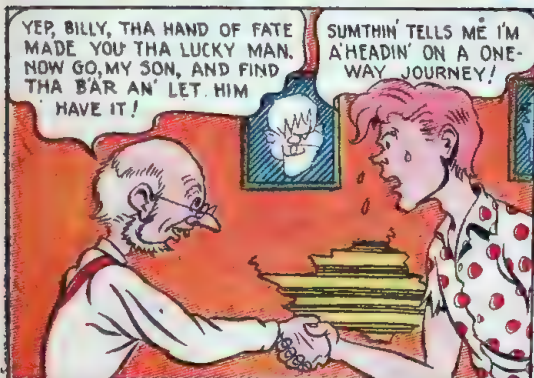
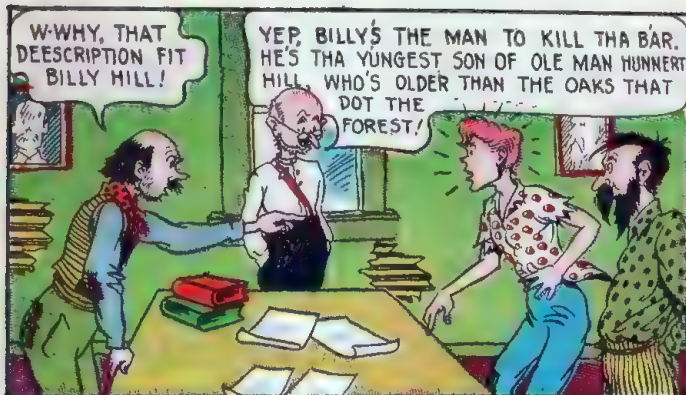


BUY MORE AND MORE WAR BONDS AND STAMPS AND YOU'LL DO YOUR PART THE SAME AS CLANCY, GOLDY, AND OFF-KEY, OF THE GARMENT CENTER.

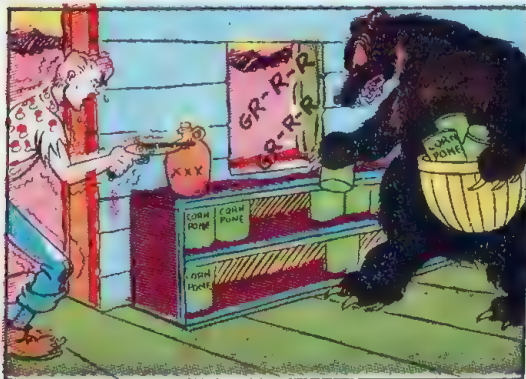
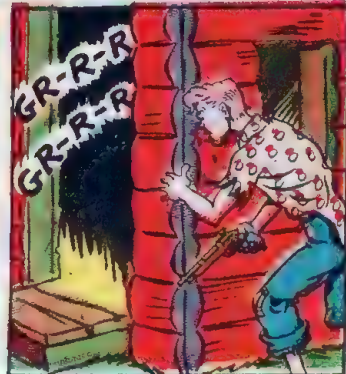
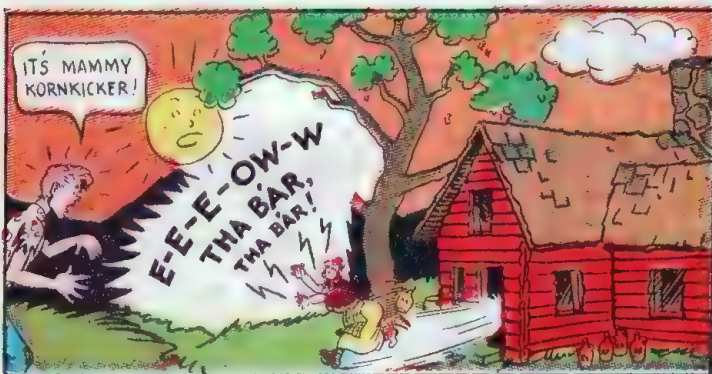
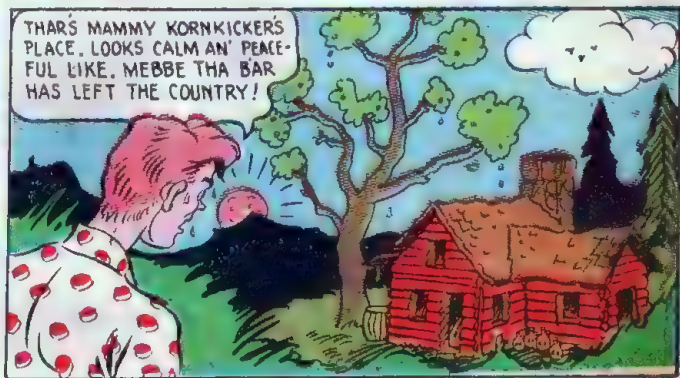
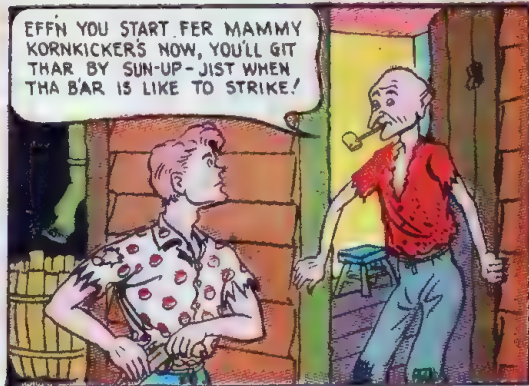
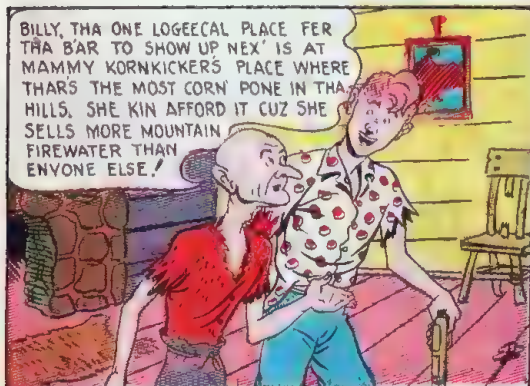




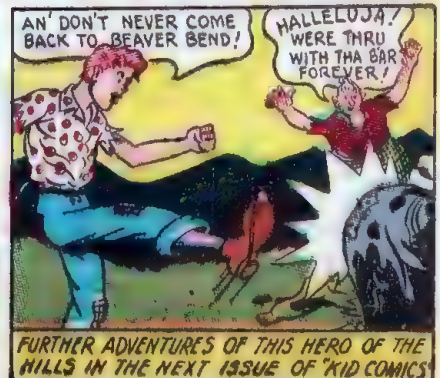
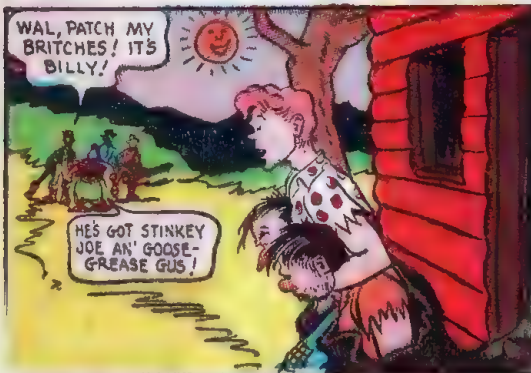
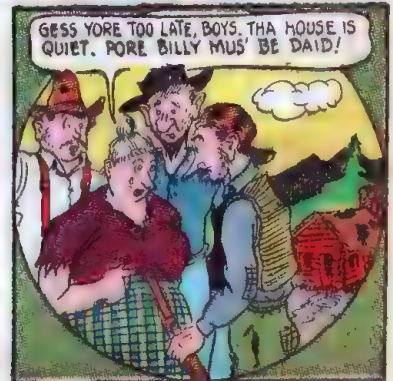
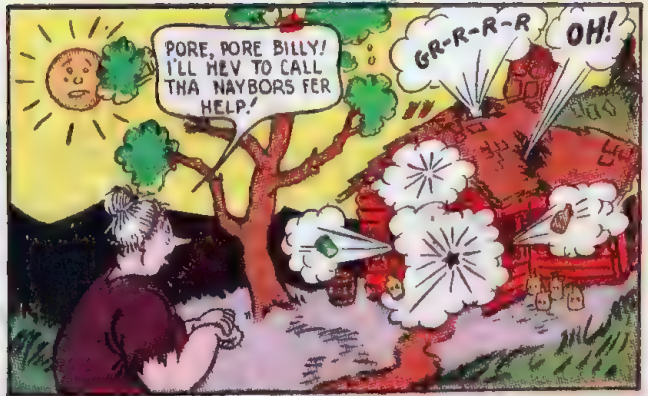










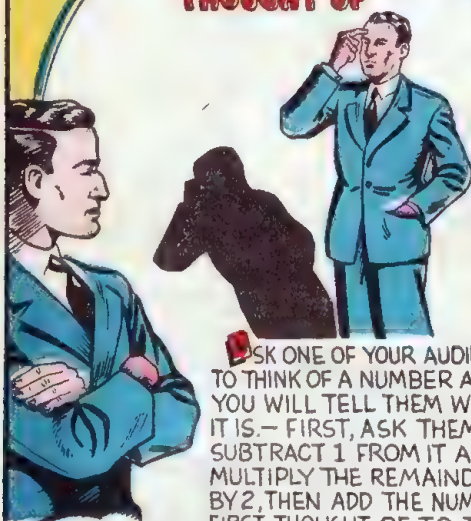


FURTHER ADVENTURES OF THIS HERO OF THE  
HILLS IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF 'KID COMICS'



# MAKE-BELIEVE MAGIC

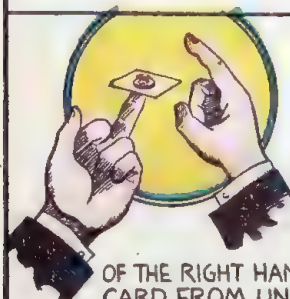
## The NUMBER THOUGHT OF



ASK ONE OF YOUR AUDIENCE TO THINK OF A NUMBER AND YOU WILL TELL THEM WHAT IT IS.— FIRST, ASK THEM TO SUBTRACT 1 FROM IT AND MULTIPLY THE REMAINDER BY 2, THEN ADD THE NUMBER FIRST THOUGHT OF TO THE BALANCE—AND TELL YOU WHAT IT IS THEN IN YOUR MIND ADD 2 TO THIS AND DIVIDE IT ALSO BY 3 AND YOU WILL HAVE THE NUMBER ORIGINALLY THOUGHT OF

FOR EXAMPLE.— THE NUMBER THOUGHT OF IS 25, SUBTRACT 1 FROM THIS WHICH LEAVES 24.— THEN MULTIPLY THIS BY 2 MAKING 48, NOW ADD 25 WHICH IS THE NUMBER FIRST THOUGHT OF TO 48 AND IT IS 73, ALSO ADD 2 TO THIS WHICH IS 75. NOW DIVIDE THIS BY 3 AND YOU WILL GET 25 WHICH IS THE NUMBER THOUGHT OF.

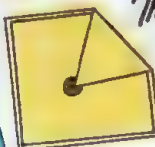
## The POISED PENNY



IN THE MIDDLE FINGER OF LEFT HAND PLACE A CARD, ON THIS EXACTLY OVER YOUR FINGER POINT PLACE A PENNY. WITH THE MIDDLE FINGER OF THE RIGHT HAND QUICKLY FLIP THE CARD FROM UNDER AND THE PENNY WILL REMAIN RESTING ON THE FINGER POINT

Ed. W. W. W. W.

## The DISAPPEARING COIN

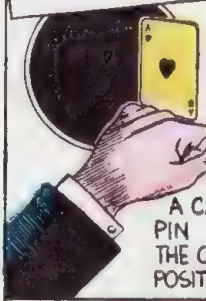


PLACE A COIN IN THE CENTER OF A HANDKERCHIEF AND FOLD ALL FOUR ENDS IN ON IT AND ROLL UP. THEN TAKE IT BY ONE END AND SHAKE IT—AND PRESTO, THE COIN HAS DISAPPEARED.

BEFORE YOU DO THIS TRICK ATTACH A SMALL PIECE OF WAX TO ONE CORNER OF THE HANDKERCHIEF. AND WHEN THIS END IS FOLDED OVER ON THE COIN IT WILL HOLD UNTIL YOU GRAB IT WHEN THE HANDKERCHIEF IS SHOOK OUT. JUST A LITTLE PRACTICE IS ALL THAT IS NEEDED TO PERFORM THIS TRICK.



## BALANCING A CARD



THIS IS A SWELL TRICK AND CAN BE DONE BY SECRETLY PLACING A SMALL PIN BETWEEN YOUR THIRD AND FOURTH FINGERS. THEN GENTLY AND LIGHTLY REST A CARD AGAINST THE PROJECTING PIN AND TO EVERYONE'S SURPRISE THE CARD WILL REMAIN IN AN UPRIGHT POSITION.

## The TRAVELING RING

HAVE SOMEONE TIE YOUR WRISTS BEHIND YOUR BACK AND ALSO TIE YOU TO THE CHAIR. THE SAME TIME PLACING A RING BETWEEN YOUR TEETH—NOW ASK THE AUDIENCE WHAT FINGER THEY WOULD LIKE THE RING TO APPEAR ON. A SCREEN IS PLACED IN FRONT OF YOU AND WHEN IT IS REMOVED THE RING WILL BE FOUND ON THE FINGER NAMED. HERE'S HOW TO DO IT:— FIRST, DROP THE RING INTO THE LAP AND FROM THERE TO THE CHAIR THEN LIFT BODY SLIGHTLY AND EDGE THE RING BACK UNTIL HANDS CAN REACH IT AND QUICKLY PUT IT ON FINGER NAMED.

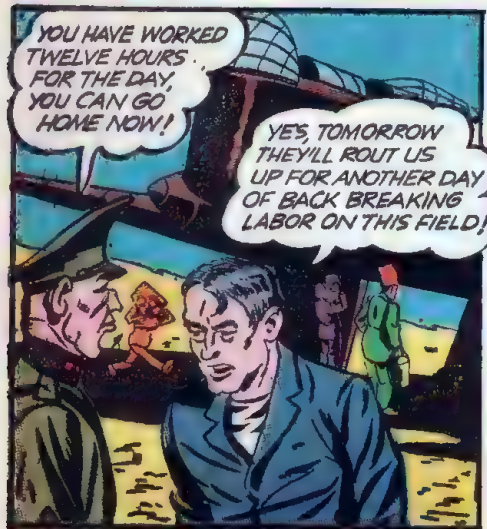




# RED HAWK



**G**ENERAL DRAJA MIKHAIL-OVITCH, THAT COURAGEOUS LEADER OF THE CHETNIKS, A GROUP OF TRAINED GUERRILLAS 135,000 STRONG, ARE CONTINUALLY HARASSING THE NAZIS IN THE CENTRAL BALKANS... HE NEEDED A PLANE TO BLAST AWAY AT THE NAZIS THAT HAVE OVERRUN HIS COUNTRY... HE GOT THE PLANE IN A MANNER THAT STUMPED THE GERMANS AND GAVE THE "RED HAWK" AN OPPORTUNITY FOR REVENGE!



YOU HAVE WORKED TWELVE HOURS FOR THE DAY, YOU CAN GO HOME NOW!

YES, TOMORROW THEY'LL ROUT US UP FOR ANOTHER DAY OF BACK BREAKING LABOR ON THIS FIELD!



**LOOK!**  
NOW PART OF THE TAIL IS MISSING ON THIS PLANE!

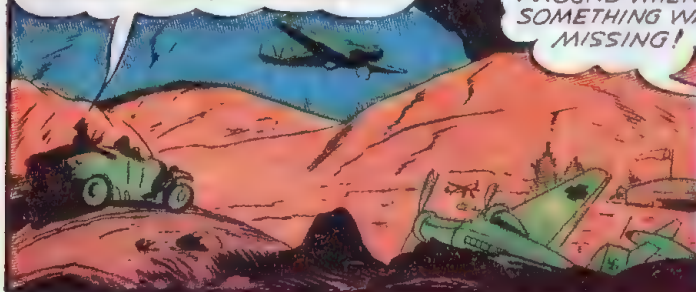
ACH! WE SUMMON MAJOR HOFFRITZ AT ONCE... THERE'S BEEN TOO MANY PLANE PARTS MISSING LATELY, FIRST A WING, THEN A PROPELLOR, THEN A WING... ACH!



**THE NEXT DAY... NEARING THE AIRFIELD!**

HMM! THIS LIST OF MISSING PLANE PARTS, COMPRISE A WHOLE PLANE, IF ASSEMBLED!

THOSE LABORERS: THEY WERE ALWAYS AROUND WHEN SOMETHING WAS MISSING!



ARREST THESE SWINE, ALL OF THEM!

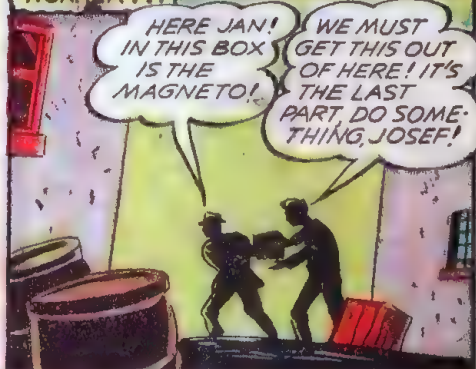
YES, HERR MAJOR!



ONE OF THE LABORERS TOSSES A SMALL BOX TO JAN VALOR, ANOTHER WORKER...

HERE JAN! IN THIS BOX IS THE MAGNETO!

WE MUST GET THIS OUT OF HERE! IT'S THE LAST PART, DO SOMETHING, JOSEF!



SUDDENLY JOSEF THRUSTS HIS HEAVY FRAME AT ONE OF THE GUARDS...

CLUMSY OX, STUPID PEASANT

OOPS!



THE MEN MAKE A DESPERATE BREAK... I'M IN THE LEAD!

COME ON MEN, INTO THE HILLS!



BAH! ONE GOT AWAY!





LATER MAJOR HOFFRITZ STUDIES A POSTER

YOU'RE WORTH A FORTUNE TO ME AND SOME DAY I AM GOING TO GET YOU!

REWARD!



GEN. L. MIKHAILOVITCH  
LEADER OF THE  
CHETNIKS BANDITS  
500,000 MARKS

MEANWHILE JAN VALOR REACHES THE BARN

I'VE GOT IT TANKA... SOON I SHALL FLY!

WE HAVE A VISITOR, JAN!

GENERAL MIKHAILOVITCH YOU HONOR ME!

I COME TO SEE HOW YOUR PLANE IS DEVELOPING! WHERE IS IT!

HERE IT IS UNDER THE HAY-- BUT YOU MUST GO, SIR! THE NAZIS ARE ON MY TRAIL!

YOU ARE RIGHT! I SHALL GO NOW! WHEN THE PLANE IS COMPLETED COME WITH IT TO THE SECRET MOUNTAIN HIDEOUT OF THE CHETNIKS!

I WILL SIR!

OUTSIDE... THE NAZIS!

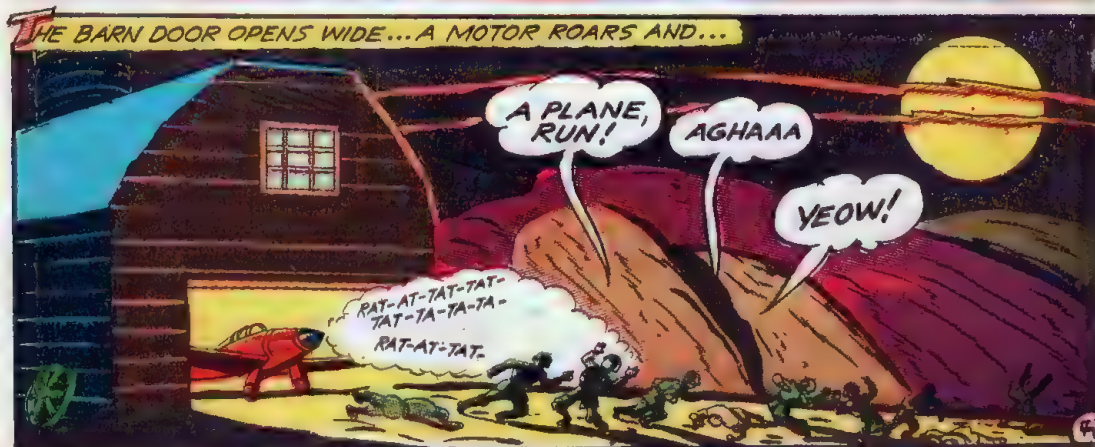
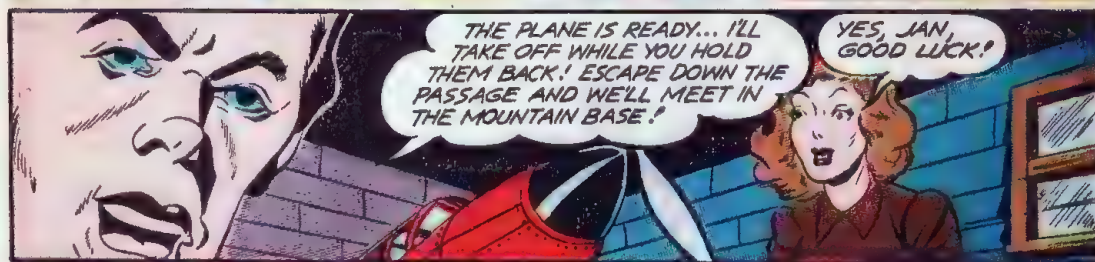
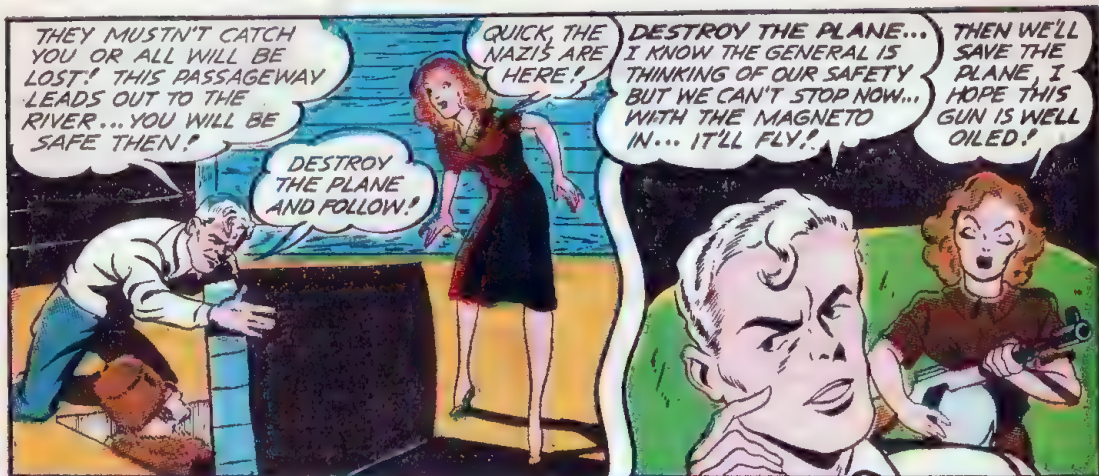
IT'S HIM! GENERAL MIKHAILOVITCH, GET HIM! THE REWARD WE SHALL SHARE IT!

QUICK! OPEN THE TRAPDOOR, TANAYA! THE NAZIS ARE HERE!

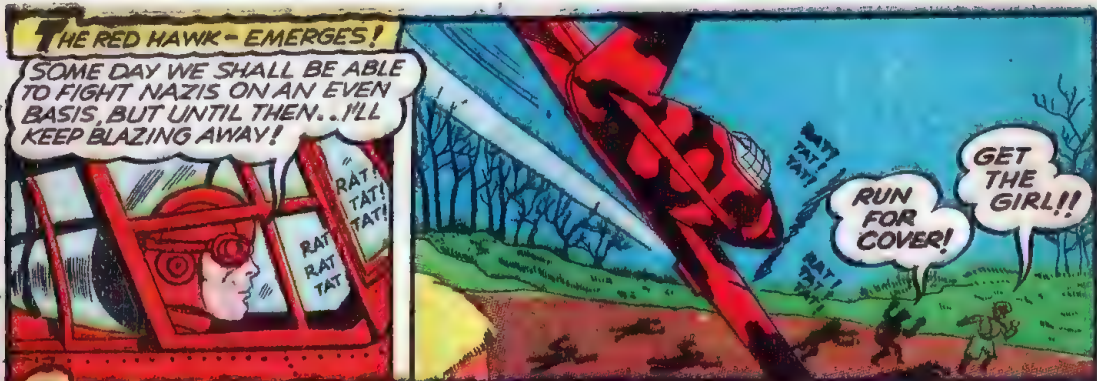
THE NAZIS, THEY SAW ME!

GENERAL! HERE, QUICK!









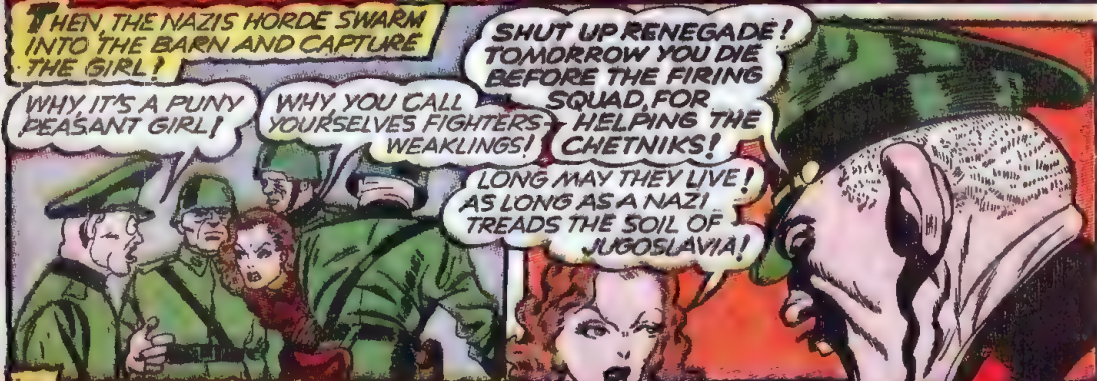
**THE RED HAWK - EMERGES!**

SOME DAY WE SHALL BE ABLE TO FIGHT NAZIS ON AN EVEN BASIS, BUT UNTIL THEN... I'LL KEEP BLAZING AWAY!

RAT  
RAT  
TAT  
TAT  
TAT  
TAT

RUN  
FOR  
COVER!

GET  
THE  
GIRL!!



THEN THE NAZIS HORDE SWARM INTO THE BARN AND CAPTURE THE GIRL!

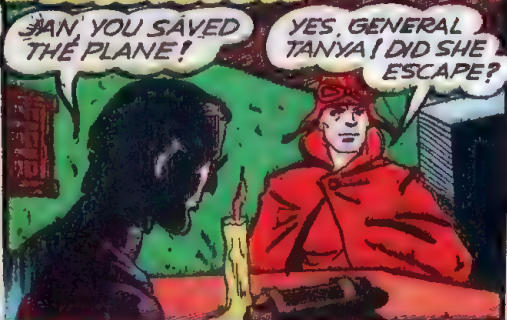
WHY IT'S A PUNY PEASANT GIRL!

WHY YOU CALL YOURSELVES FIGHTERS - WEAKLINGS!

SHUT UP RENEGADE!  
TOMORROW YOU DIE  
BEFORE THE FIRING  
SQUAD, FOR  
HELPING THE  
CHETNIKS!

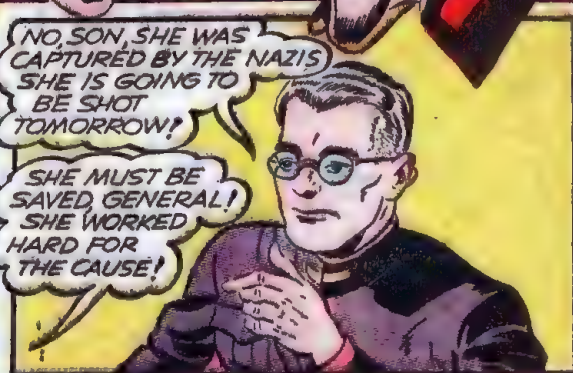
LONG MAY THEY LIVE!  
AS LONG AS A NAZI  
TREADS THE SOIL OF  
JUGOSLAVIA!

LATER IN THE MOUNTAIN STRONGHOLD OF THE CHETNIKS...



JAN, YOU SAVED THE PLANE!

YES, GENERAL TANYA! DID SHE ESCAPE?



NO, SON, SHE WAS CAPTURED BY THE NAZIS SHE IS GOING TO BE SHOT TOMORROW!

SHE MUST BE SAVED, GENERAL! SHE WORKED HARD FOR THE CAUSE!

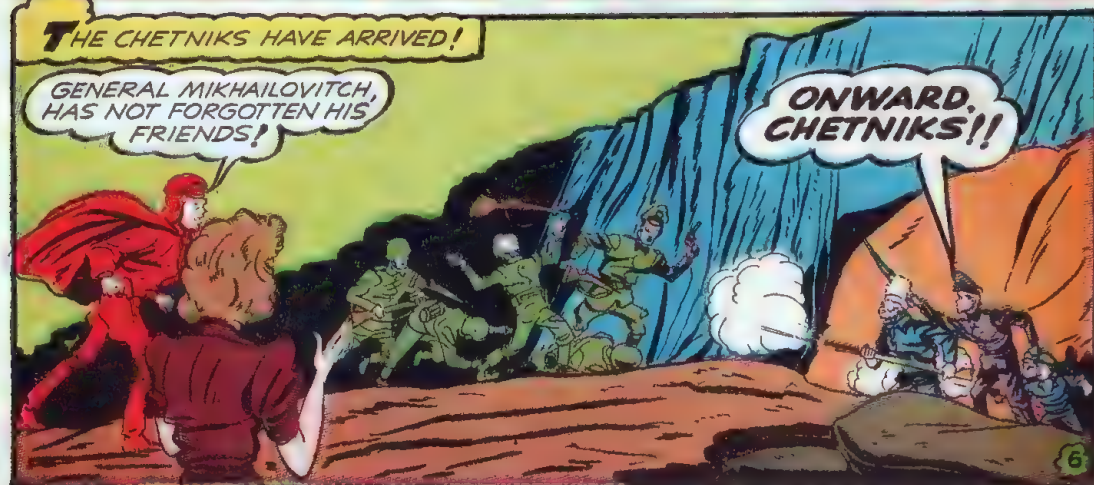
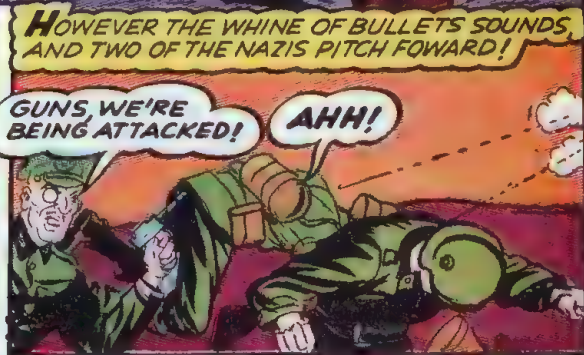
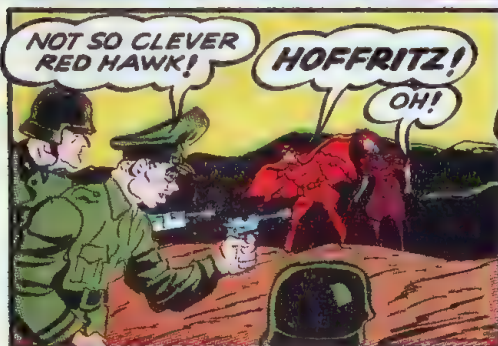
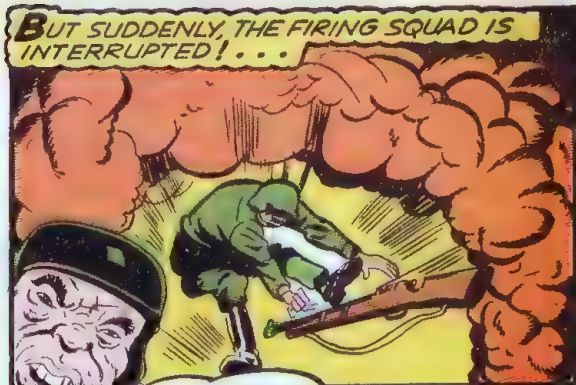
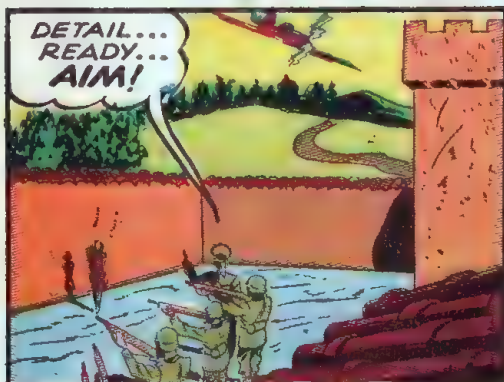


THE  
NEXT  
MORNING  
IN THE  
GRAY  
DAWN!

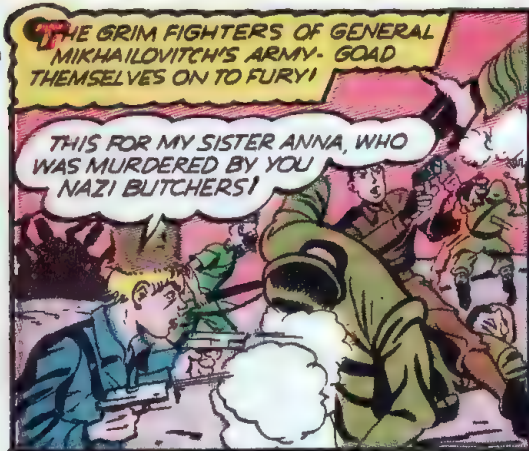
PERHAPS WE SHALL SPARE YOU IF YOU HELP US TRAP MIKHAILOVITCH!

NO! THERE ARE NO QUISLINGS AMONG THE CHETNIKS!













THE FIGHTING HAS STOPPED! THE CHETNIKS HAVE CAPTURED THE WHOLE GARRISON!

CORRECT! WE SHALL TRANSPORT THE PRISONERS BACK TO THE MOUNTAINS... THEY SHALL BE HOSTAGES!



LOOK!

LOOK, HOFFRITZ!



THIS SHIP WILL NEVER FLY AGAINST THE NAZIS!



BANG!  
BANG!



THAT'S THE END OF THE MAJOR!

SOMETHING STICKING OUT OF HIS POCKET... A POSTER!



HMM! A REWARD POSTER CONCERNING ME! THAT'S THE TROUBLE WITH THESE NAZIS... OUR FORCES WILL SMASH THEM, EVENTUALLY!

THE ALLIES ARE GRATEFUL TO YOU AND YOUR PEOPLE GENERAL MIKHAIL-OVITCH!

THE END



# FREE



## PROOF THAT

### CAN TEACH YOU TO PLAY PIANO IN ONE LESSON!



**PROF. LOUIS RUBEN**  
Inventor of the  
"RHYTHMAGRAPH"  
METHOD

#### Plays in Ten Minutes

Your short cut two headed method enabled me, without any previous experience, to actually play a complete song from notes which only took ten minutes.  
—Joseph Newman

#### You Certainly Told the Truth

You promised to teach me to play an entire song in one lesson. Your simplified lesson enabled me, much to my surprise, to actually play with correct harmony, a popular song from start to finish.  
—Robert Cesse

#### Seems Incredible

It seems incredible that in such a short time (1 month) I am able to play popular songs of the day.  
—Violet Evans

Make me prove my statement! Let me send you my new simplified method of learning to play the piano with the understanding that it does not cost you a single cent . . . yes, not a penny, unless my amazing new discovery is everything I claim for it and that you actually play the piano from notes with both hands and with correct technique. Now make your dream of becoming a piano player come true. Now, without any previous experience, without any musical knowledge whatever, even if you can't read a single note, I will show you how to play fascinating melodies, popular songs, etc. You will actually read notes and you will play harmonically correct using both hands. My method is so simple that you actually perform this miracle of piano playing in 30 minutes or less.

### THE RHYTHMAGRAPH MAKES YOU A PLAYER AT ONCE—AN EXPERT FAST!

The amazing part of Professor Ruben's rythmagraph method of playing the piano is that it absolutely eliminates all confusion. This method actually sets you at the piano and teaches you how to use one chord and change to another by varying one or two notes. It is just like A.B.C., it's so simple. The instruction is graded so effectively that you play the Volga Boat Song harmonically correct with both hands in less than 30 minutes. Then, after a little practice the system is graded so that you effectively play from one lesson which leads into the next, entertainingly and effortlessly.

## FREE, too

### With Each Lesson—LATEST POPULAR SONGS YOU PLAY WITH EASE—AND WELL

You receive with this course, without extra charge, six popular songs (music and lyrics) which you will enjoy and can play on the piano. Not only will you find this great relaxation and fun, but you will also entertain your friends and amaze yourself. Read on and learn how to receive everything included in this offer practically as a gift.

### JUST MUSIC AND FUN—NO DRUDGERY, NO EXERCISES, NO FINGERING, NO EAR PLAYING; YOU PLAY FROM NOTES

Amaze your friends—amaze yourself! Be the very center of my fun and real popularity!



Through a series of graded lessons, you immediately start playing a melody and accompaniment with both hands. The principle applied eliminates all complications of many chords. As you make progress, you actually play with both hands, no matter how intricate the melody may be. The factor employed throughout is "SIMPLICITY". We wish we could explain the many details here, but prefer you send for an actual lesson and find out how wonderfully efficient and how simple it is to really play the piano, under the guidance of Professor Louis Ruben. Order today and soon become the life of the party . . . enjoy a new popularity.

## SEND NO MONEY

Send coupon today and receive everything by return mail. Deposit \$1.00 plus the few cents postage with postman. If not satisfied after five days' trial, return for full refund.

*Rush the coupon*

**VANGUARD PIANO STUDIOS, Dept. 3201**  
1265 Broadway, New York, N.Y.

Please send me by return mail, complete instructions by Professor Louis Ruben as explained in the advertisement, including the six popular songs free of extra cost. I will deposit \$1.00 plus postage with the postman on arrival (if you enclose \$1.00 to save postage, check and sign name below). It is understood that if I am not entirely delighted, and I am sole judge, I may return for full refund within five days.

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ADDRESS .....

CITY.....STATE.....

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IN STAMPS**

This great book, **FABULOUS STAMPS**, tells astounding stories, and gives information which may lead you to a fortune. It gives the complete histories of marvelous stamps, and is full of pictures. You will gasp with astonishment at some of these tales about rare stamps... how people have made fortunes out of different stamps... You simply must see this great book... Only a person like John W. Nicklin, the well-known stamp dealer and author, with his lifetime knowledge, could have written these exciting, fortune-making stories. No wonder his writings have been bought by thousands of collectors all over the world... Whether you are young or old, whether you are a stamp collector or not, doesn't matter. These true adventures of discovered treasures will give you knowledge to make you the envy of your friends... and they suggest how you too, like so many others, might make your fortune in discovering valuable stamps. So don't delay, send for it today.

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Here's a special photographic enlargement offer that will delight every photograph lover . . . this free offer is made to attract new friends and customers . . . it is our way of getting acquainted. Send any clear snapshot, negative, photo, bust, full length, group, scenes, baby, mother, dad, sweetheart, soldier, etc. We will enlarge to 5x7 on salon quality photographic paper FREE. Just send print or negative. We will also include information about hand coloring by expert artists who specialize in reproducing life-like likenesses and

## FREE FRAME OFFER

Your original will be returned with your FREE 5x7 enlargement. Be sure to send clear snaps or negatives. We are anxious to give you our best work. Please do not send cracked, faded pictures because we want to please you and make you a satisfied customer . . . but act at once because we reserve the right to withdraw this limited offer at any time. . . Rush the coupon today . . . NOW.

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Sign your name and address to the coupon below and rush it to us. Enclose the snapshot or negative you want enlarged to 5x7. We will promptly send you information about hand coloring and our free frame offer (10c for each snap or negative will be appreciated for handling, return mail, etc.) Remember, only two to a customer. Act quickly and learn for yourself what beautiful work we do and why hundreds of customers everywhere send us their photo enlarging work exclusively. Rush the coupon now.



#### Read What Customers Write About Our Work

##### ORDERS SIX MORE

I received my enlarged and colored photos today and was pleased with them. Will you please send me as soon as you can six more enlargements?

T.M., Fort Devens, Massachusetts

##### WANTS THREE MORE

I just received the two 5x7 enlargements made by you for me and I am very much pleased with them. I am enclosing three more snapshots and would like one 5x7 enlargement of each, hand colored, leatherette frame.

H.B., Sandusky, Ohio

##### PLEASED AT EXPERT QUALITY

I received the pictures I had enlarged at your company and was very much pleased at the expert quality work you turn out. I'm enclosing two more pictures for enlargement. I want one of each 5x7, hand colored, and leatherette frame.

L.P., Fort Benning, Georgia

I received my picture last week and I sure was a good one. I certainly do think you are doing a nice job on pictures and I am sending you another picture to hand color for me.

S.V., Baldwin, Georgia

##### DELIGHTED WITH BABY PICTURE

I received my two pictures of my baby and am sure delighted with them.

L.P., Clinton, Wisconsin

##### A BEAUTIFUL PIECE OF ART

As you remember I just had a picture enlarged 5x7 and framed. It was a beautiful piece of art, and I am really very much pleased with it. I would like to have one more made like it.

J.Z., Baltimore, Maryland

##### PLEASED WITH SERVICE

As you probably know I have been doing business with your firm quite a while and have been very much pleased with the service, so I am hoping you will do a very good job on these negatives.

L.B., Camp Shelby, Mississippi



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I accept your special offer. Enclosed find negatives or snapshots which I want enlarged to 5x7. Send to me at once your information about hand coloring and your free frame offer (I enclose 10c for each 5x7 enlargement to help cover postage, handling, etc.)

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